

The Critic

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The Critic

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Men, Women and Books

THE NEW MRS. BURNETT

Ma tha sin an Dàn, "If it be Destiny," as Fiona Macleod's Gael hath it, I cannot say, but to me, lying meditating under the cypress trees, have come three of the freshest novels I have read for many weary moons—two by women and the third by a man—and 'tis the man that should have written the women's books and the women the man's. And the names of the novels, these are they: "The Sin-Eater," by the lady from Iona who has supplied me with a starting-point; "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," by Hamlin Garland of Chicago; and "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the Lancashire Lass, who was re-born in America. It is good to think of Lancaster, Chicago and Iona forced to contribute to the comfort of the jaded critic under the brooding blue of the Tuscan sky. The mind is your true Cosmopolis. If only the jaded critic could "rest and be thankful." But no! he must arise and give judgment. Well, at least he will do it as restfully and thankfully as possible; something of the sunshine must needs creep into his carpings, and the soft haze of the sleeping hills o'erblur his harsher judgments.

Place aux dames. In "A Lady of Quality" Mrs. Burnett has prepared a shock and a surprise for her admirers. Gracefully as her style always flowed on, it has here for the first time taken on a conscious literary art, aspiring to nothing less than a reproduction of that elegant eighteenth-century idiom which Thackeray achieved in "Esmond." A laudable ambition enough in a lady with only too many temptations to acquiesce in the fatal fluency of a sympathetic pen, and I could only wish that her art had been still more conscious; for she has simply saturated herself with *Tattlers* and *Spectators* and trusted herself to her genius, which, as I pointed out last month, is no infallible guide even to grammar. Astonishingly as she handles the idiom of Isaac Bickerstaff, her very first sentence suffers from an unrelated participial clause. But, after all, Thackeray himself was far from grammatical pedantry, and it is not by its English that "A Lady of Quality" will stand or fall, nor even by its characterisation. If it appears to me the most interesting and remarkable thing Mrs. Burnett has done, it is as much by virtue of its autobiographic aspect as its artistic. Seldom has a writer made such a *volte-face* to her public. What! the chaste, almost infantine authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which even my hardened bank-manager has read ten times, besprinkle her pages with oaths and blood, domesticate murder, gloss over vice, and shake her chubby fist at the Creator! "A Lady of Quality" is Mrs. Burnett's "Räuber" and "In Memoriam" combined. Through her Clorinda she says her say on the great problems; and a virile, mannish, almost swashbuckling say it appears on the surface, though 'tis of a feminine sentimentality below. Mrs. Burnett has doffed the petticoat for the Georgian breeches, and twirls her sword right gallantly—"If there be One Who dares to say to the poor thing He made, I will not forgive!" but she cannot put off her sex, and the arch-sentimentalist peeps out in the horrible death-bed of the wicked Sir Geoffrey, for such tragedy is only inverted sentimentality. Even in the lateness of her *Sturm und Drang* there is something of womanly weakness. Most people have the measles or the chicken-pox young, and it is always difficult to take these afflictions seriously when they break out in maturity, or to sympathise with the whooping-cough of a sexagenarian.

There are who will think the new Mrs. Burnett has caught the infection of the "new woman," and that Clorinda's inspiration is less Thackeray than Tanqueray. But this will

be unjust. Mrs. Burnett has undergone a slow evolution. They were all Clorindas in embryo—that Lass o' Lowrie's, Rachel Ffrench, little Sarah Crewe, Bertha Amory, that brilliant Bird of Paradise agonizing in an inward hell. Still 'tis a far cry from the tacit acceptance of conventional morality which makes the tragedy of "Through One Administration" to the Nietzsche-like individualism of the Lady of Quality, who, "Jenseits von Gut und Böse," rises to higher things on stepping stones not only of her dead selves, but of her dead *innamorato*, by her struck down. How far even Tennyson would have approved this psychology is dubious; but to approach the character of Clorinda on the side of psychology were ungrateful to a story conceived rather in the spirit of the Symbolists, and therefore devoid of the humor and observation Mrs. Burnett has given us elsewhere—a story of "Tess" triumphant, of the one woman who conquered Fate, who, bred in a stable, grew from a coarse-mouthed tom-boy, through a passionate and unchaste youth, through a loveless but honorable marriage, through a provoked homicide, into a blameless and beneficent wife, a centre of happiness and holiness for the country-side. Clorinda, as vixen, mistress, and murderess, yet remaining withal the matchless Clorinda, and finding her soul and her womanhood through all this stress and storm, is indeed a bold conception—more suited, perhaps, to the stage than to the novel, for, despite the apparent psychology, the drama of her life has the same bold outlines as her figure.

Ada Rehan, you player of plays,
Here is a drama made to your hand.

Except as a Symbol, Clorinda is a shade too matchless. Always radiant, beautiful, witty, triumphant, rose-crowned, he toast of the beaux and the envy of the belles, inimitable, whether in conversation or equitation, half angel and half demon, and all a wonder and a wild desire, she suits rather the limelight and suggests the latent Lord Byron in Mrs. Burnett's breast. I have by me some erotic poems, sent to me (the critic, not the man) by a schoolgirl, *jeune fille bien élevée*. To think of these volcanic thoughts raging beneath the simple muslin dress of the *ingénue* is as incongruous as to think of the "Lady of Quality" as the work of the laureate of the nursery. It says much for Mrs. Burnett's range that she is able to play at will upon the strings of tragedy or of tenderness, of passion or of pathos. Few lady novelists among her contemporaries have excelled her, either in virility or in femininity, and "A Lady of Quality," a modern symbolic poem in the guise of an archaic romance, will add a new field to her already ample province. If its teaching be more sentimental than scientific, there is vivid interest in its episodes; and if one of its best scenes was partially anticipated in the life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the murder incident wholly anticipated in the "Izyl" of Armand Silvestre, this only proves how true it is in some parts and how dramatic in others.

LIFE IN ART AND ART IN LIFE

There is an objection to old plots quite apart from their oldness, for that which started by being probable becomes improbable by age. Even if it were ever possible for a man to be jealous of a woman because he saw her kissing a man whom, after long and weary years of superfluous separation, he discovered to be her brother, it should surely be impossible to-day. If I saw any man kissing my *fiancée*, I should know at once it was my future brother-in-law—or at any rate I should inquire—which the old hero never seemed to do. And yet I will wager that in the course of this year at least a dozen novels and plays will be built up upon this theme. It is, by the way, a noticeable characteristic of people in plays

never to have read nor to be interested in any but the petty dramatic matter which is interesting them—and let us hope the audience—at the moment. It may be replied that the economy of the stage demands that everything that is not strictly essential should be eliminated; but yet it ought to be possible, by a few words, to give the idea that the figures upon the boards are doing more than moving to the strings of the playwright. Just so the painter of the gulf should suggest the ocean beyond, and the painter of the landscape the infinity of space and atmosphere in which it is enisled. What the *plein air* school contended for in painting is no less requisite in literature.

This consideration seems to account for the uneasy sense of unreality which we feel in the modern machine-made Sardou play, in which the characters have the air of existing entirely to themselves, and for the sake of the particular play, and do not give that large sense of being part of the civilised humanity we know that reads and thinks. The men make love or profess hate, repudiate their wives, or cut off their sons with shillings, all with the air of its happening for the first time, and wholly devoid of that sense of the ridiculous which they could not help feeling if they had been accustomed themselves to read novels and sit in stalls.

It is, in fact, impossible for us moderns, educated in a long literary tradition, to live our lives as naturally and naively as the unlettered of to-day, and the people of the preliterate geological epoch. This is brought out "ostensively," as Bacon would say, in "Don Quixote," or in the Russian novel "A Simple Story"—apparently so called because it is so complex,—in which Gontcharov's hero lives in what Alice might call "behind the looking-glass" of literature. He is a country boy who comes up to St. Petersburg, and after a course of Russian novels is transformed into a series of imitations of their heroes. He does nothing, feels nothing, thinks nothing except after the pattern of these creatures of the quill.

Well! we are all like that, more or less. Though we may not be as chivalrously inspired as the Knight of La Mancha, nor run to the extremes of the simple Russian, we are all to some extent remoulded in imitation of the Booklanders, and this is the truth in the "decadent" paradox that nature copies art. There is a drop of ink in the blood of the most natural of us; we are all hybrids, crossed with literature, and Shakespeare is as much the author of our being as either of our parents. The effect of the stage in regulating the poses and costumes of susceptible souls has not escaped notice; but the effect of novels and poetry is more insidious. Who ever shuddered with bitter alliterative kisses before Swinburne, and who has failed to do so since? What poor little cockney clerk in his first spasms of poetry but has felt, sitting by his girl in the music-hall, that if she walked over the grave in which he was planted, his "dust would hear her and beat, had he lain for a century dead" (though how Maud could survive her lover for a century, Tennyson failed to explain)? *Per contra*, the ingenuous spinster taking her notions of love from Maupassant's "Bel-Ami," or Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Trionfo della Morte," becomes a man-hater. Yes, I fear that the artistic treatment of life has a good deal to answer for. People do not yet understand that the mirror of art does not reflect life unrefracted. The great eternal theme of art is love-making; but even artists have to give up some time to art-making.

There is a subtler way in which art reacts upon life, and it may be best illustrated by an anecdote which at the same time illustrates life as it is still lived in Italy. Two English friends of mine were climbing at midnight the steep hill to the mountain village in which these lines are written, when from beneath a dark arch there dashed down towards them two breathless *carabinieri*, their cloaks flapping in the moonlight like the wings of the demon-bats of pantomime. "Is it your way that the murdered man lies?" they panted. "Murdered man!" At once a hundred shadowy reminiscences stirred in my friends' minds; Prosper Mérimée's novels,

stories of vendettas, plots of plays, *morceaux d'opéras*, even of comic operas; and it was with a feeling in which the latter element predominated that they answered that they had come across no corpse. The police officers thanked them and hurried off, so my friends soon understood, as far as possible from the scene of the event; for, passing through the arch, the *Inglese* came upon a track of blood, black and clotted in the moonlight. But it did not seem real to them—they still had a consciousness of comic opera, a consciousness which was intensified rather than lessened when they emerged upon a group of excited villagers discussing the crime, and learnt its cause. Two rival bands, one from a neighboring village, had been performing at a local *concerto*, and the two rival trumpeters had continued to blow their own trumpets after business hours. "Fancy blowing with that little mouth!" said one. "I'm glad I haven't your maw (*boccone*)!" retorted the other. From words it soon came to knives, and ere you could say Jacopo Robinson a trumpeter lay weltering in his blood or rather in his gore, and the murderer was flying into the arms of the police, who incontinently turned and fled the other way. When my friends passed by the house of the victim, the midnight air was ringing with the horrible curses of his bereaved sister, whose spasmodic face was visible at a window. But the cold-blooded artistic English felt no answering throb of sympathy—it was still a scene in a play to them, still a *coup de théâtre*—they had lost the primary human instincts, corrupted by a long course of melodrama and comic opera. * * *

Our murderer is still at large. The police have given up the chase in despair. But he has never left the village, and we villagers all wink at one another as we discuss his whereabouts; and when we meet him driving his cart or come across him cutting wood in the forest and he genially gives us "*Buon' giorno*," we salute him with answering politeness. Only in the village band there is a temporary trumpeter, for even the police might hear of him if he performed in public loudly enough. But Italian justice, though it does really savor of comic opera, is not so farcical as it appears on the surface. It is an unwritten law that the police shall not *pigliare* him till the sessions are nigh. He is on parole, so to speak, to come up when called upon; if he were really to take flight, he would be declared an outlaw, and the only reason the police cannot find him is that they know where he is. How sensible! Why board and lodge him gratis for weeks? He has outraged the community: shall the community reward him with free meals? Even when he is caught he will be treated with the same economy. Capital punishment there is none in Italy. Why waste a citizen and a taxpayer? Especially when one has already been destroyed! No, he will be sentenced to a term of imprisonment. But he will not serve it. He will escape, or it will be commuted. And while he is in gaol he will have a good time. He will smoke and play cards, or, leaning out of his dungeon casement, hold a levee of his friends. Recently the soldiers at Bergamo mutinied because they were supplied with worse bread than the denizens of the gaol. I trust the ringleaders were sent to prison so as to remedy this dietary injustice.

MR. LANG'S JEHANNE

I must say a short grace for Mr. Andrew Lang's "A Monk of Fife," a romance as charmingly printed as it is written. Mr. Lang is a worshipper, albeit somewhat belated, of *La Pucelle*, though his apotheosis of the Maid of Orleans is ascribed by an ingenious bit of mystification to a French chronicle by one Norman Leslie of Pitcullo, which Mr. Lang professes but to have translated. The story is constructed on the now orthodox model for historical novels, being a kind of cross 'twixt Stevenson and Stanley Weyman. The hero is valiant and modest, the heroine is beautiful and lovable, there is an exceptionally good villain—in the æsthetic sense—and the figure of the Maid stands fascinatingly in the foreground. Mr. Lang has achieved the kind of novel he admires. What higher praise could he desire?

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

"The Key of the Pacific"

The Nicaragua Canal. By Archibald Ross Colquhoun. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS IS A VERY able and instructive contribution to the literature of the Isthmian canal question. The author's primary object is, as he says, to aid in the opening up of fresh markets on the frontiers of the British Empire. The true policy in carrying out this end is for England to foster and develop existing trade with her colonies, and to seek new customers to trade with. The Far East, he maintains, presents the most promising field for this development. It was a recognition of the part that the Nicaragua Canal would play in opening up Eastern markets, involving immense changes not only for the United States, but for England and Europe generally, creating a readjustment of international relations, and a redistribution of the world's trade, that led him to study the question of interoceanic communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and to see how, and to what extent, England's interests would be affected by the Canal. In the volume before us he gives the results, in a very readable form, of an examination, made on the ground, of the problem in all its various bearings, mechanical, commercial and political.

The facts embodied in his work show with irresistible force that he thinks, and with reason, that with increased competition with the United States in Asiatic waters, as the inevitable result of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, England will have to bestir herself if she desires to maintain her commercial supremacy. It is this view of the subject that gives Mr. Colquhoun's work an interest and an importance to the American public generally, far surpassing that of the usual run of English publications treating of transatlantic affairs. "Will the United States make a new departure," he asks, after adducing the most cogent reasons, "one of immense importance, with far-reaching consequences—and expend money on an extra-territorial work of public improvement?" And the answer is prompt and direct:—"I believe she will." The whole tone of the volume is pitched in this key. The stupendous folly known as the Panama Canal belongs to the category of Law's Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble, while the Tehuantepec ship railway is still in the air, where it is likely to find a permanent abode. These two projects are summarily disposed of by the author, who then proceeds to the main question—the Nicaragua Canal. This he treats with the familiarity of an expert who has thoroughly mastered his subject, and with the lucidity of a practised writer.

One of the most difficult of the engineering problems connected with the Canal, is the construction of a harbor at Greytown. The best practical solution of that question is given on page 105. It appears that about the year 1670, a Spanish engineer, with a view to obstructing the navigation of the San Juan, in order to keep the English buccaners from ascending the river, diverted a portion of its waters into the channel of the Brazo Colorado. This act of vandalism has had the effect, in the course of long years, of destroying what was once the excellent harbor of Greytown. The remedy proposed is to reproduce the *status quo ante* 1670—in other words, to block up the inner mouth of the Brazo Colorado, and reconstitute the old main channel of the San Juan river in its pristine vigor. This would arrest further silting, scour out the area silted up since 1670, and reconstruct the harbor. A good harbor at the Atlantic terminus of the Canal is absolutely indispensable, and it is very doubtful if this end will be accomplished by the break-water already partially constructed.

Mr. Colquhoun has treated his subject in an exhaustive manner, and more from the standpoint of an American than an Englishman; and yet he has left out one important—we might say, the most important—factor of the problem: the Congress of the United States. Ocean commerce is one of

the great sources of national wealth and power: England is a living example of this fundamental truth. In 1891, out of a total of 62,000,000 tons carried by steamers only, entering and leaving her ports, 49,000,000 were British. More than seventy-five per cent., therefore, of this trade is carried on in her own vessels, while she does a considerable portion of the carrying trade between one foreign country and another. Enormous wealth and power have accrued to her from these sources. In the United States, on the other hand, only eight per cent. of the foreign carrying trade is done by American vessels. These plain facts speak volumes. England encourages her shipping interests. The effect of our navigation laws is to dry up one of the principal sources of national wealth, to drive the American flag from the sea. It is obvious, therefore, that, under our present policy, we would construct an Isthmian canal for the benefit of English commerce—a proposition the bond-holders of the trans-continental lines of railroads naturally object to. Humboldt may say that the construction of a waterway connecting the two oceans is an undertaking "calculated to immortalize a government occupied with the true interests of humanity," and Goethe declare that "it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean," but the "interests of humanity," alas, that we should say it, do not weigh much against a paying investment; and the President of the Pacific Railroad may be excused for differing with the great German poet as to the expediency of opening up a way that would divert a large portion of European commerce from our Atlantic ports.

There is another point Mr. Colquhoun has failed to notice. To maintain the neutrality of the Canal, the United States would be obliged to keep up a larger naval and military force than Congress would ever provide. A strategic point is of no military value in the absence of adequate force to hold it. The island of Jamaica is said to command the Caribbean Sea. Why? Because it is well fortified, and there is always a powerful English fleet ready to protect it. But if the entire group of islands in the West Indies were subject to the United States, they would not control the Caribbean, for the simple reason that the United States could not hold it in the event of war. Congress has neglected to fortify our own great centres of commerce and wealth, such as Boston, New York and San Francisco; and this in spite of the most urgent appeals made, year after year, with monotonous iteration. If we had become possessed of Samana Bay, as General Grant so ardently desired, or of St. Thomas, or Nicolo Molo (Haiti), we would hold them during peace only. On the breaking out of a war with a naval power, they would be wrested from us at once. We could not hold them, the Monroe doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. We are not a military people; it has been shown that we are not a maritime people. These two facts we commend to the attention of Mr. Colquhoun.

As for the book itself, the vellum-like paper, excellent binding, clear type and good maps give one the impression of an *édition de luxe*. It is got up in its publishers' best style, and yet we cannot refrain from wishing that the proprietors of the London *Graphic* had flatly refused "permission to reproduce some twenty of the numerous illustrations given in the book." These, and much that is contained in the appendix, suggest too plainly what is inelegantly termed "padding." They greatly increase the cost of production, and add nothing whatever to the value of the work.

"Russian Portraits"

By E. M. Melchior de Vogüé. Trans. by E. L. Carey. The Autonym Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THE REMARKABLE list of foreigners who have made the empire of the Tsar the subject of their study, Melchior de Vogüé occupies a prominent place. Extended sojourn in Russia has given him an intimate knowledge of her people;

his work, moreover, reveals that combination of gifts without which no race can be understood—the capacity for ethnological sympathy by which the great moral qualities of a people find scientific appreciation, and the artistic skill that, seizing on the picturesque elements of its everyday life, gives them an attractive literary form. The five sketches constituting this volume show the author at his best. They are already old, so far as date of publication is concerned, ten years having elapsed since their first appearance in various magazines; yet the terse vividness of the descriptions, which the English version seems to have faithfully reproduced, so far as can be judged in the absence of the original, reminds the reader that they were written while the author's Russian experiences were fresh in his mind. The stories, though united by a familiar literary artifice, stand quite apart, and illustrate somewhat diverse aspects of Russian life. The author is invited to a wolf-hunt, which affords opportunity for an excellent description of outdoor scenery. The evenings are spent in the home of a local philanthropist and philosopher, Michel Dmitrich P., who has a penchant for soliloquy, and whose mental make-up suggests on one side of it the hero of Gontcharov's "Oblomov," and on the other Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor Resartus." Beginning with a comparison which describes "this poor heap of men"—Michel Dmitrich is speaking of "the empire of peasants"—as "simply a prolongation of the forest, as obscure, as impenetrable" and "as deaf to the great echoes of thought that delight and transform the world," this philosopher goes on to suggest what might happen, were one to rouse these sleeping souls. "Let a sentiment," he says, "a flash of anger, an unexpected blow, awaken them, and you will see surging out of this nothingness enough martyrs, heroes and madmen to fill an epic."

Upon this text the writer builds the sentiment and lesson of his stories. There is, for example, the narrative of Uncle Fedia, a pedler who confessed a crime in order to save a distressed woman falsely accused of it, and died in Siberia before the real culprit confessed. There is, also, a story of Russian life in the days of serfdom. The main interest of the book centres in the sketch entitled "Varvara Afanasievna." It is that of a girl who "took it into her head to study medicine." She enters the Surgico-Medical Academy, and tries, in the most abject poverty, to qualify herself for professional life. Her motives are of the loftiest kind, and, though discouraged by the misery of her companions, of whom several commit suicide, she perseveres for a time in the struggle for "a useless title and no hope of earning our daily bread." At last the Russo-Bulgarian war breaks out, and Varvara joins the ambulance of Sistovo in the capacity of assistant physician. With the atmosphere of battle enveloping her like a pestilential air, the girl grows morbid. She sees a prodigious waste of life that can only end in failure, and is of no use to her country. Her mechanical tasks come to be performed with qualms of mental nausea, with intervals of extreme dejection, into which the thought of self-destruction gradually steals, at first from its philosophical side, at last as an impulse that cannot be resisted. One morning Varvara Afanasievna is found hanging by the sheet of her couch to one of the roof-beams.

These sketches indicate that, despite a touch of cynicism here and there which reminds one of Tourguéneff, the author has well comprehended the spirit that animated the intellectual life of Russia in the seventies. It may be that in the industrial future now opening before her people, they will lose much of the idealism that once characterized them, and that, with the removal of the stress from above, life will be less a great tragedy, with mistakes and errors more than atoned for by passionate enthusiasms, by capacities for patience and self-sacrifice, for sublime heroisms and aspirations unique in modern civilization, than an inglorious scramble for place and power in which the very names of liberty and justice are forgotten, or received with a sneer. Yet, whatever be Russia's destiny, it is certain that the moral qualities

here described in the guise of fiction will always make this one of the brightest, as it was one of the most troubled, periods in her history.

"Memoirs of Constant"

On the Private Life of Napoleon, His Family and His Court. Trans. by Elisabeth Gilbert Martin. With a Preface by Imbert de Saint-Amand. 4 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CONSTANT'S MEMOIRS first appeared, says M. de Saint-Amand, when the Imperial epic still exercised such an ascendancy over the French nation that Napoleon's son might have been proclaimed Emperor, if he had been restored to liberty by the Austrians. This translation comes to us at a period when Napoleon seems to have taken possession of the times. We have unpublished memoirs brought to light, old ones resurrected; the press teems with histories, novels and stories for the young, all bearing upon Napoleon and his era. We have had the idolatrous worship of the Grand Equerry Caulaincourt, and Mme. de Rémusat has lifted the curtain of his private life with no loving hand. After Napoleon's downfall, Constant heard and meditated upon the many falsehoods circulated about the fallen hero, and finally determined to give his testimony. "I was a witness," he says, "I saw everything, I was there." He tells us that for fifteen years he scarcely left Napoleon for a day, and was nearly as close to him as his own shadow:—"I saw him in every situation, was with him in all important events of which he was the centre. I speak of the hero *en déshabillé*; and then, he was nearly always kind, patient, and seldom unjust. I desire to speak of the Emperor as an attached servant, and in no wise as a censor." He does not conceal the blemishes upon Napoleon's character, but his intense love and admiration bring out so much that is noble that we incline to shut our eyes to ignoble facts.

Of the Emperor's marriages and divorce, of the King of Rome and the splendor of the Imperial court, Constant gives fullest details, and his account of Napoleon's life in camp, of his unselfishness to his soldiers, and especially of the uncomplaining manner in which he bore the deprivations of the retreat from Moscow, is most interesting. The valet does not give the strategical movements, or enlarge upon the military genius of his master, but when the weary man returned after the battle to the miserable bed in a hovel, through which the freezing winds blew unhindered, Constant shows him to have been sublime. Constant was present when, after the passage of the Beresina, the Emperor ordered all the eagles of the corps brought together and burned. "It was a sad spectacle, these men stepping from the ranks one by one, and throwing down there what they loved more than their life; at least it was a consolation for the soldiers to think that the Russians would have nothing but the cinders." One night the Emperor came to his quarters with some of his officers. He found Constant asleep in the only chair, with his head resting on his Majesty's writing-table. One of the officers started to wake him, but Napoleon said, "Let the poor fellow sleep, he has passed many nights without rest." Trying gently to take a needed map from the table, he awakened Constant, and asked his pardon for disturbing him. What wonder that the Emperor was the idol of all who served him? The scene of the poisoning after the abdication at Fontainebleau, of which Constant alone knew all the facts, is vividly given. Constant had often seen a small bag suspended around the Emperor's neck, but never knew until that night that it contained poison. He attributed Napoleon's recovery to the fact that he had carried the poison so long that it had lost its efficacy.

These Memoirs are interesting. They do not change our conception of Napoleon, but emphasize more clearly one side of his wonderful character. If Constant had followed him to Elba and St. Helena, we might have had a more vivid account of the last days of the caged eagle.

"Adam Johnstone's Son"

By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

WITH HIS USUAL prolific versatility, Mr. Crawford has given us another story before we have had time to lose sight of his last in the flood of novels which is daily poured upon us. It is in many ways very different from "Casa Braccio"; the action all takes place within a period of three weeks, and for the tragic magnitude of the events in the former book we have here but a quiet analysis of the emotions which agitate two young people strangely related, but casually brought into contact. The scene is laid on the beautiful south Italian coast with which Mr. Crawford has made us so familiar; but the characters are all English, and the surroundings are to the least possible extent essential to the development of the story, which, as we have said, is almost wholly introspective in its bearing.

Few odder situations can possibly occur even to the most inveterate novel-reader than the one here imagined. First we make the acquaintance of a mother and daughter, living quietly in a remote hotel. To them, in their peaceful solitude, suddenly enters a hilarious party from a yacht, which leaves behind, when it subsides, a single young man. Thrown together as they are by the force of circumstances, the two young people end by falling in love with each other; but the girl refuses to admit it to herself, because of a conversation between Brook Johnstone (the young man in question) and a married woman of the yachting party, to which she has been an involuntary listener. They are both, it appears, the children of second marriages; the information is exchanged without the slightest thought of its significance. Suddenly the arrival of Sir Adam and Lady Johnstone to pick up their son reveals to both that their parents are each other's first husband and wife—the situation is so excessively complicated that any condensed description of it must apologize for the clumsiness of its syntax. We feel at first as if we had intruded into the *ménage* of *Œdipus*, but are presently reassured by realizing that, granted divorce, there is, as Sir Adam puts it, no mention of the case in the table of kindred and affinity. This is the view which young Brook takes of it, succeeding finally in overcoming Clare's prejudice against him, without any explanation of the original cause of it; so that we leave them to live happily ever afterwards.

There may possibly be some question about the conception of the story, which is certainly out of the common; but there can be none at all about the skill with which Mr. Crawford tells it. The absolute naturalness of every character in the book (Sir Adam's second wife is positively fascinating, though she is by no means young and very fat) is one point for commendation; they talk so exactly like real people that we feel as if we had been all along overhearing the whole thing with Clare. And another is the way in which fine points of feeling are brought out—not only such obvious ones as Brook's consciousness of the impossibility of explaining to Clare the real character of the married woman aforesaid, though he could vindicate himself in no other way, but some that show insight into the depths of feminine character—as where (in the scene alluded to) Clare refrains from showing herself, because, as a woman, she knows what she would feel "if any one should cough unexpectedly behind her, when she had just been accused by the man she loved of not loving him at all."

In some of Mr. Crawford's earlier books, we have been tempted to be just a little bored by his habit of turning aside from the story to moralize in a style which occasionally borders on the sententious; we do not remember being so far converted to this method in any of his novels as in this. He has a marvellously acute faculty of observation, which entitles him to be heard, and he expresses this observation here particularly well. Let us illustrate by a rather long quotation:—

"He got up rather late, and promptly marched out upon the terrace under the vines, smoking a briar-root pipe with that sol-

emn air whereby the Englishman abroad proclaims to the world that he owns the scenery. There is something almost phenomenal about an Englishman's solid self-satisfaction when he is alone with his pipe. Every nation has its own way of smoking. There is a hasty and vicious manner about the Frenchman's little cigarette of pungent black tobacco; the Italian dreams over his rat-tail cigar; the American either eats half of his Havana while he smokes the other, or else he takes a frivolous delight in smoking delicately and keeping the white ash whole to the end; the German surrounds himself with a cloud, and, god-like, meditates within it; there is a sacrificial air about the Asiatic's narghileh, as the thin spire rises steadily and spreads above his head; but the Englishman's short briar-root pipe has a powerful individuality of its own. Its simplicity is Gothic, its solidity is of the Stone Age, he smokes it in the face of the higher civilization, and it is the badge of the conqueror. A man who asserts that he has a right to smoke a pipe anywhere, practically asserts that he has a right to everything. And it will be admitted that Englishmen get a good deal."

But every page and every conversation is full of delicate hints of character that will be particularly pleasing to anyone who is curious in the niceties of human speech, and the development of the plot is so skilfully veiled at the outset that we feel sorry for having been led into destroying, by our crude outline of it, the delight of the unexpected which our readers might otherwise have had. Without that, however, there remains enough to reward them amply for the time spent in reading the book.

"Greenland Ice-Fields"

And Life in the North Atlantic. By George F. Wright and Warren Upham. D. Appleton & Co.

OF THE THIRTY-ODD miles of bookshelves in the British Museum, several are occupied by works on travels, voyages, explorations and adventures. It is a tiresome journey merely to walk those few miles and read the titles, but we are relieved at times by an occasional oasis. This new volume by Prof. Wright adds another to the list of cheerful books of travel, that will be taken down and read not by title merely, but chapter by chapter. To use legislative language, it will pass not only to its third reading, but beyond it. Greenland, as we know, has been on the maps of the world for several centuries, and Crantz, Egede, Rink and others have given us a pretty good idea of its more marked characteristics; but there remained smaller matters which needed to be touched upon, and these have had attention paid them by our author. We do not mean that matters of major import have been overlooked, but they have not been allowed to overshadow all else, and it is the minor matters that interest the great majority of readers. Anyone who cares to know can readily imagine, and correctly too, how the Eskimo lives; but just how the Danish residents occupy their time through an almost endless winter appeals to the curiosity of those living in more favored regions of the world. We have read somewhere that what France admires is good enough for France; and, as the Eskimo or Inuit is satisfied with Greenland, there's an end to it. But the average European who ventures to pay the country even a brief visit is something of a martyr. Pink icebergs may be beautiful, but let us have them upon canvas. Our thanks are due to Prof. Wright for bringing Greenland to us: it is far better than being conducted thither. He has very vividly brought the country to our notice, and it is one of the many merits of the book, that it left us with the impression that we really had visited the country, when we laid down the volume.

The associate author, Mr. Warren Upham, has done his part of the work in the thorough manner that has characterized his whole scientific career. There is a crystalline clearness about his sentences that is positively exhilarating, and a shining contrast to the ponderous tomes that appear at short intervals from the Government Bureaus, or the long essays that add bulk to the proceedings of learned associations. The significance of glaciers, the cause of the Great Ice Age, the question of man's antiquity and the ethnic relationship

of the Eskimo are all treated with a lucidity that is as rare as it is refreshing. The established facts of recent researches are stated as such, and theories are mentioned as of speculative value only. We are not left in any instance to conjecture as to the author's own belief in disputed matters. Of the boreal race he remarks that "they appear to have migrated to our continent * * * during the early Quaternary time of general uplift of northern regions, which immediately preceded the Ice Age." There can be no doubt of this; and it may be added that during the Ice Age these people wandered far south of their present habitat. The "Eskimo" of to-day is but another name for the *homo palaeolithicus* of ten or twenty thousand years ago. It is positively startling, even now, to find a well-known theory so plainly stated as this:—"Near the end of the latest Tertiary period, or more probably well forward in the Quaternary era, almost to the epoch when the increasing uplift of northern countries brought on the Ice Age, *men, having been created through evolution from the anthropoid apes*, spread outward from their native tropical portion of the Old World to all parts of the great land areas of that hemisphere and to America." The italics are ours. The authors have prepared a most excellent work, which deserves the widest circulation and most generous reception by the reading public. It is an honor to American scholarship.

"New Studies in Literature"

By Edward Dowden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SINCE THE DEATH of Matthew Arnold, English literature has had no dean. More than one man has written worthy criticism, but Arnold's preëminence (not to speak of Coleridge's) has not again been attained. It is not necessary at this moment to contrast Mr. Dowden's work with that of his contemporaries. It is enough to say, on that point, that there are certain admirable qualities in his writing and in his mental make-up, which lead one—not exactly to say that Mr. Dowden is the best English critic of to-day, but rather—to ask, what English critic now writing is better than Mr. Dowden? That the positive instead of the negative praise may be his, is not at all impossible, for his best work probably lies before him. His worth as a critic is not difficult to prove. He has been establishing himself in the world of letters by these characteristics: literary feeling, scholarly method, range of interest, flexible and by no means inadequate style. Besides and beyond all this, he is a thinker; that is to say, to independence, a thinker's first quality, and to originality, a thinker's second quality, he adds soundness, a thinker's greatest and best quality. There are other things some other critics have that one misses in this category; keen wit, instantaneous penetration, for example, are hardly to be counted among Mr. Dowden's most obvious traits. He has genuine insight, indeed, and soberness of judgment; on the other hand, his writing is lucid rather than brilliant. This latter impression is rendered more definite than otherwise it might be, by the fact that certain brilliant quotations from Ste. Beuve, Edmond Scherer and Brunetière are set into the body of Mr. Dowden's own less dazzling prose. But when all is said, the fact remains that he is the farthest possible remove from a *poseur*; that his writings possess value.

The present volume is a collection of a dozen or more essays on subjects mainly unrelated. Five of the papers deal with different phases of Goethe's literary career; two are devoted to recent French literary criticism; four discuss the poetical qualities of Donne, Coleridge, George Meredith and Robert Bridges, respectively; one treats lightly a newly discovered trifle—a fragment of the diary of Fabre d'Églantine, Danton's secretary; one adds some pages to the author's already published views on the teaching of English literature; and the last, which stands first in the book as, indeed, in merit, handles the vital question of the relations of democracy and of science to literature. This well-considered "Introduction" is especially important to us of America. Par-

ticularly interesting is the connection (which, of course, Mr. Dowden is not the first to note) that is established between democracy and the passion for large phrases and abstract terms, instead of for realities, the tendency to depart from the truth of fact. The literature of to-day must oppose the tendency, if it is to perform its true function as literature:—

"Undoubtedly a chief duty of the thinker and the man-of-letters at the present time, and in the coming years, must be to save the democracy, if possible, from what is unfruitful in its own way of thinking and feeling. As topics arise which demand the attention of the people, it will be necessary to challenge the current notions, the current phrases, and the popular sentiments; it will be necessary to ply the public, willing or unwilling, with exact knowledge and well-considered thoughts. The state of half-culture which seizes with enthusiasm upon a general principle, regardless of its limitations or relations to other principles, and which is therefore full of impetuosity and self-confidence, at once purblind and bold, is a state as dangerous as we can well conceive."

As to the relations between science and literature, in spite of the contrasts that votaries of the one or the other have pronounced irreconcilable, Mr. Dowden sees a reconciliation in the distinction between scientific results and scientific methods, the former of which must bear fruit in literature; while the latter, in so far as they efface personality, are detrimental to literary effect. In criticism, however, as opposed to creative literature, scientific methods have been of the highest value. It must be added that this essay is marked by a Macaulayan abruptness of transition. The essays on Goethe show a strong sense of the relation between cause and effect, and a discriminating understanding of the greatness and the limitations of the Titan who transformed himself into an Olympian. The paper on Coleridge dwells entirely on something that critics as well as readers frequently overlook, the human quality to be found in his poetry. As Mr. Dowden very clearly shows, little that Coleridge has written is not instinct with fine human feeling, a feeling that does not, however, seek to express itself by the portraiture of men and women. Rather, one may add, the human feeling in Coleridge's poetry is a softening light that his genuinely philanthropic spirit throws illuminatingly over every theme that he has touched. The essays on French criticism embody no critical code of the author's own, but it would be impossible not to see that Mr. Dowden's conception of the critical function is lofty and scholarly, and that the critics who pass before his judgment are tried and found wanting or not wanting, according as they lack or possess like views of the offices of criticism. Not a great nor an epoch-making book, this volume is not the less a good one, a book worth writing and worth reading.

"The Hill Caves of Yucatan"

By Henry C. Mercer. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE ARCHAEOLOGIC field-student would be the last to undervalue academic learning, for without a basis of it he would himself be at loss; but he has learned in sadness, also, that theory (which breeds fast in museums) is the unsafest companion in a pursuit of truth. He remembers that it was long before he could quite rid himself of this procrustean camp-mate that would lop the feet of observation and rack the joints of fact to fit them to a predestined bed. He realizes that a scientist's first sally from the vocabulary to the actual field is one of the severest tests of genuineness and calibre; and he is, if not prejudiced, at least not prepossessed, toward the average report of such an expedition. It is, therefore, a special delight to him to find the exception to the rule. Mr. Mercer's work is as admirable to those who know the ground as to those who do not. He came to his task remarkably unspectacled with colored theories; and it is inspiring to note how much he saw, and how sanely, in his "search for evidences of man's antiquity in the caverns of Central America"—though the traces were not found. The first thing to please one in this handsome book is the author's attitude toward the people he met in Yucatan. There is nothing in him of the supercilious blindness wherewith explorers too much shut out the folk from whom—if from anyone under heaven—they must learn what they would.

The Yucatecs are not of Mr. Mercer's household, but he views them with a tolerant and even benignant eye, and the expert realizes at once, "Well, *here* is a visitor who is really going to learn something!"

The Corwith expedition, headed by Mr. Mercer, was in Yucatan two months, in the spring of 1895. Twenty-nine caves were visited; and excavations were made in ten. At about the same time another American museum party was hastily touring the ruined "cities" of Yucatan; and a valuable report comes out simultaneously with that of the Corwith expedition. It seems to us that, with his caves, Mr. Mercer has done the more definitive work in the more scientific manner, though his subject gives much less scope for display of collateral learning. He has a result to show for his labor, though not the result hoped for. The caves yielded nothing which he can refer to an earlier culture-stock than the surviving Mayas. That is, an antiquity certainly not exceeding that of the elder ruins of New Mexico, Arizona and Peru. The broken-down caves of Yucatan—the *cenotes* and *actunes*, which made possible aboriginal life upon that thirsty limestone "blanket"—are a fascinating study, and American science is to be congratulated for turning thither at last, and for sending so competent a pioneer. His verdicts are not beyond appeal, for there is much more to be heard from in the great peninsula; but it is improbable that the cumulative evidence of so many representative caves, so well cross-examined, will be overthrown.

A book of this value should not be marred by such wholesale stumbling in its Spanish as *baloria*, *Benado*, *Rueva de los Olivos* and many more, for a few of which the proof-reader is to blame. A Spanish ear would hardly recognize *litarge* or its diminutive in Mr. Mercer's *litarhillo*—nor might anyone who did not chance to know the article itself, the common Indian glaze. The potter's wheel was emphatically *not* known in Yucatan before the conquest. Where so many scientists are careless in terms of prehistoric Indian economics, and use words which were quite tolerable in a sixteenth-century Spaniard, but are unfit in modern scholarship, Mr. Mercer is to be commended for having set the danger-signal of quotation points to such terms as "Nunnery," "Governor's Palace" and the like. Yet he falls into the curious (though common) blunder of speaking of tigers in Central America. That unlettered Spanish frontiersmen call the jaguar *tigre* is no reason why an American scholar should call it a "tiger."

"College Girls"

By Abbe Carter Goodloe. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AS PRESENTED in these graceful sketches, the American college girl is a most attractive creature. She is a social animal, gracious, adaptable, equal to an emergency, and readily interested in life and people. The pedant has no place in this book; learned as the girls are, they have a way of keeping their knowledge hidden. They are intensely human, and study serves apparently merely to give them more poise and dignity. To this writer life is of far more importance than books, and the things to be learned from experience of much greater value than those absorbed in any school-room. She seems to indorse the opinion of one of the professors she has created, who says that "until woman rediscovers that life is everything, that all she can learn here in a hundred times the four years of her college course is but the least part of what life and nature can teach her, until then I shall not be wholly satisfied with the modern education of woman." A university training has too often been regarded as an end in itself, and not merely as a preparation for the duties and responsibilities of life. And the aim of this writer seems to be to show that it is the best kind of equipment for battling with the world. Light as they are, her sketches always suggest the effect of the college upon character. In richly enlarging their resources, these girls have not lost their freshness and enthusiasm. And through their contact with life some dramatic little tales spring forth, which are told very simply and gracefully. There is nothing forced or strained about them, and nothing brilliantly original; but they are genuine, and some of the episodes are pathetically human. That of "The College Beauty" is artistic in the telling, and "As Told by Her" shows an admirable self-restraint. The whole atmosphere of the book is pleasant and stimulating. It so completely takes away the formidable terrors from college life, that any doubting mother, who is afraid of launching a pedant into the world, should read it. She will learn that the possession of a degree has no power to deprive a girl of human emotions and aspirations.

"History of the Post-Office Packet Service"

From 1793 to 1815. By Arthur H. Norway. Macmillan & Co.

THOUGH COMPILED chiefly from official records, as the title-page also informs us, this is not so dry a narrative as we might anticipate. In fact, it is largely an account of naval warfare, the postal packets from England to Continental and other foreign countries being often compelled, in troublous times, to fight their way to their destination. It is, moreover, a chapter of English naval history which had not already been included in the books. The great sea-battles, and most of the lesser ones, for that matter, had been sufficiently described; but the annals of this branch of the public service were left in the comparative oblivion of documents and reports filed away in the national archives. The packet service itself is, indeed, a thing of the past, "dead, like all the men who made it, and fought in it, and laid down their lives for it." Its records have not only lain neglected for eighty years, but considerable portions of them have perished, either through carelessness, or because they were thought to be of no value or interest.

Mr. Norway has therefore done a good work in describing the nature and functions of the service, as well as its operations and achievements. Of the thirteen chapters, all full of stirring adventure, three are devoted to the American war of 1812, in the course of which our privateers gave the packets no small trouble. Of the half-dozen illustrations, one depicts the fight between one of these privateers and the packet Hinchinbrooke, in which the former finally had to withdraw. "Thus," says our author, "ended this brave and well-fought action, conducted against heavy odds with a courage beyond all praise." The privateer is said to have had sixteen guns, "probably twelve-pounders," and to have been "full of men" (estimated at 120), while the packet had but eight nine-pounders and thirty-two men. Earlier in the war, the packet Lapwing had been taken by the privateer Fox, which, we are told, was also superior in crew and armament to her opponent. Credit, however, is given to the Yankees for their bravery and the skill with which their vessel was handled. The book is full of graphic description, and is doubtless as impartial as *ex parte* testimony can be expected to be.

"Southern Quakers and Slavery"

A Study in Institutional History. By Stephen B. Weeks. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

DR. WEEKS goes no further into origins, in this portly volume, than George Fox. After a few pages devoted to the first arrival in America of these Christians—so much worse than anarchists in the eyes of the Massachusetts Puritans,—he takes us below Mason's and Dixon's line, and thenceforth holds closely to geographical limitations. With text and colored map it is easy to follow the migrations and settlements of these non-resistant people, who took Jesus seriously. Surviving hostile laws administered too often in a persecuting spirit, they flourished, and in the seventeenth century enjoyed their golden age. Somewhat like the Jews and other nonconformists, they developed, under stress of a hostile majority, an intense inner life and found their chief resources of happiness within themselves. Dr. Weeks's style is of a drab and sober cast, and few sparkles of wit or pleasantry enliven his pages, but his chapter on "Quaker Social Life" is probably the most entertaining in the book. Naturally the Society, cut off from external stimulating influences, tended more and more to become a sect, and even a Quaker Index Expurgatorius was developed in this kingdom within a kingdom.

After the seventeenth-century golden age, there followed in the eighteenth century an expansion which carried the doctrines of the inner light clear into Georgia, with many an area of illumination between the Pennsylvania border and what is now the black belt. The forces against which the Friends found themselves in conscience opposed were, successively, the Established Church, war and slavery—and against these "institutions" their protest was both consistent and persistent. Their varying opinions and actions in minor details are set forth by the historian, who shows incidentally how active the Quakers were in the "underground railroad" business. In the long run, finding that there was no liberty with slavery, the Quakers emigrated in large numbers, helping powerfully to build up the Middle West. This emigration caused the decline of Southern Quakerism, and at the opening of this century there were no organized bodies of Friends in South Carolina and Georgia, and but few in Virginia. The Hicksite separation further weakened the brethren and made history, but not increase. The volume concludes with statistics and a bibliography, which, with the index and map, form a mine of wealth to the scholar and

historian. Incidentally one can see how the Southern states weakened themselves socially, industrially and morally by practically expelling so fine a class of citizens with their wealth of character, brain and brawn. The mistakes of Spain and France were repeated on American soil.

"The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain"

By S. H. Jeyes. F. Warne & Co.

A MORE ATTRACTIVE series of books, to those who wish to follow the current of the world's affairs, could scarcely be planned than that which describes the Public Men of To-day. The volumes which have already appeared have more immediate bearing upon the international relations of Europe than upon our own,



but the subjects announced for the next three—Señor Castelar, the present Pope and the present President of the United States—are directly in touch with American interests. The one before us deals with a statesman who is, perhaps, of all the members of the existing English Cabinet, the most interesting figure to Americans—not only on account of his connection with us by marriage (the outcome of his residence in Washington as a member of the Fisheries Commission of 1887), but in his capacity of Imperialist Secretary for the Colonies, which has made him (so Mr. Hall Caine recently testified) the most popular of English statesmen among our neighbors in Canada. The full and careful life of Mr. Chamberlain which we are noticing is written, as the author frankly confesses, from a Conservative point of view. This is probably the best that could have been chosen. His former friends, who left him to follow with Mr. Gladstone the will o' the wisp of Home Rule, would be more than human if they could write without bitterness of the man who has done more than any other to frustrate their purpose; while those who see eye to eye with Mr. Chamberlain on all subjects would be likely to err as widely by indiscriminate eulogy.

Mr. Jeyes's work is thoroughly commendable for its painstaking accuracy, and for the evident study to be fair in every estimate which pervades its pages. Its subject is not idealized, nor at

every point defended; but we carry away the impression that we have been following a trustworthy narrative of the development of a singularly interesting character to what we may imagine its culminating point. If no man may be called happy until he is dead, and if biographies must usually await the same term before they can give a rounded presentation of a life's work, yet it is difficult to see what further development lies before Mr. Chamberlain, at the age of sixty, that will surpass his present position among patriotic Englishmen. We suppose that it has puzzled a good many people to find the aggressive Radical of former days, the typical *bête noire* of the Tories, transformed into the Colonial Secretary of Lord Salisbury's third administration. Of this problem Mr. Jeyes has given a clear and satisfying explanation. A single sentence—"Before all things Mr. Chamberlain is, not indeed an Opportunist, but a Possibilist,"—gives the key to his whole career, and is abundantly expanded and justified throughout the book. Calling his subject, as he does, "progressive in ideas, sensitive to fresh influences, receptive of current forces," he yet shows through the whole story how Mr. Chamberlain's main object has been the improvement of social conditions—how, indeed, his Imperialism has that as much at heart as anything else. He has declared, and has been ridiculed for declaring, that he has never changed his principles; but the boast is more truthful in his case than with most politicians. Essentially a practical business man, he does not, like some *doctrinaires* statesmen, pursue chimerical ideals, but, facing facts squarely, takes the best that he can get. For the present, he believes that he can get more assistance towards his social goal from the Conservatives than from the Liberals, and he is not likely to part company with his present colleagues while this continues to be the case.

The book is valuable as applying a consistent principle of interpretation to a distinguished career; it will prove useful, by its minute relation of facts, to those who wish to make a careful study of the events attending the introduction of Home Rule into practical politics, and in its earlier chapters, descriptive of Mr. Chamberlain's municipal career, may give more than one hint for the solution of problems with which we in this country are likely to wrestle for some time to come. The concluding chapter, "Mr. Chamberlain the Imperialist," unfinished as of necessity it is, will find its complement in the forthcoming biography of perhaps the most romantic and inspiring personage among the statesmen of to-day, Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The portrait of Mr. Chamberlain given here is not taken from the book.

Fiction

"THE SHUTTLE OF Fate," by Caroline Masters, is a tale of a strike in Lancashire, with numerous complications in the unfolding of the plot. Love is not overlooked, of course, and there is a mystery whose solution the experienced reader is soon tempted to make before the author's time. (Frederick Warne & Co.)—TO THE FINE uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels has been added "The Return of the Native," with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, and a map of Wessex. (Harper & Bros.)—THE THIRD VOLUME in Scribner's little Ivory Series contains "The Suicide Club," by Robert Louis Stevenson.—THE REPORTED discovery of the Pole by Dr. Nansen makes timely the issue of a new edition of Herbert D. Ward's "A Dash to the Pole." (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—S. R. CROCKETT'S "Stickit Minister" has been added to Macmillan's Novelists' Library. The volume contains a number of illustrations, somewhat unequally divided among the stories. Mr. Crockett declares in a prefatory note that "the illustrators were left entirely to the freedom of their own wills and the incidence of their several likings. Their work has been almost wholly a labor of love, and I have to thank every one of them for their sympathetic interpretation of that mysteriously beautiful Galloway country which is so dear to me." F. MARION CRAWFORD'S "Tale of a Lonely Parish" has appeared in the same Library. (Macmillan & Co.)

* * *

WHEN THE EDITORS of biographical dictionaries come to prepare new editions of their works, they will have to add to the article on Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the remark that she published in 1896 a volume of short stories, "Lovers' Saint Ruth's," which will in no way enhance her reputation. It is a respectable performance throughout, and will not harm her, but, on the whole, it might have been just as well to leave these tales unpublished. They lack the touch of the born story-teller almost entirely, and the substitution, for that gift, of conscientious hard work (evi-

dences whereof may be found on every page) is here, as always, unavailing. Miss Guiney makes the fatal mistake, also, of straining after effect, notably in the second tale, "Our Lady of the Union." The book may interest admirers of the author's excellent verse, and deserves a place beside her poetry on the book-shelf; but we are afraid that it belongs to that numerous class of modern books which is published, then forgotten. (Boston: Copeland & Day.)—"SLAIN BY THE DOONES" is the suggestive and alluring title of a volume of short stories by R. D. Blackmore, which we eagerly read, but which we regret to record have added nothing to our admiration for the author of "Lorna Doone." We believe that they are pot-boilers—a species of literature to which every popular author must needs resort to satisfy the demands of editors of periodicals,—but we had thought better of Mr. Blackmore. He is such a leisurely writer, so jealous of his fame, that we have been confidently expecting a volume worthy to place upon the shelf beside the ever-alluring "Perleycross," now quite two years old. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

New Books and New Editions

TO WRITE "The History of Oratory," from the age of Pericles to the present time, in about 400 pages of fair-sized type, was a bold undertaking, but Prof. Lorenzo Sears of Brown University has accomplished it with better success than was to be expected. Exhaustive treatment of so vast and complex a subject would demand many volumes; but a brief account of each representative orator of each period in the long succession has been given, with due notice of the rhetorical principles he exemplified. For the purposes of the college student and the general reader, the book is excellently adapted. If a mere "sketch," as the author modestly calls it, it is one in which every line tells, and which sets the men vividly before us. The great preachers of early, mediæval and more recent times get their fair share of attention. The "eccentric eloquence" of the fourteenth century has a chapter to itself. American oratory—colonial, Congressional, occasional, and other—is treated with greater proportional fulness than foreign, but not more so than is fitting in a book intended mainly for American students and readers. A full index adds to the value of the book for purposes of reference. (S. C. Griggs & Co.)

"SOCIAL CHANGES in England in the Sixteenth Century as Reflected in Contemporary Literature," by Prof. E. P. Cheyney, is Part I. of an elaborate and scholarly disquisition, published as No. 2 of Vol. IV. of the Series in Philology, Literature, and Archaeology, which itself is a division of the Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. It treats of the rural changes of the period, among which were the increase in sheep-raising, the inclosures of common lands, the eviction of tenants, the cessation of grain-raising, the rise of rents, the migration of town-people to the country, the dissolution of the monasteries, etc. While it was an age of increasing wealth, enterprise, and prosperity for certain classes, it was one of poverty, loss, and misery for others. In the changes going on, many suffered while others profited. Some thrived under enlarged opportunities, but others lost from their inability to adapt themselves to new conditions. The testimony of writers of the time to these changes, and the light they throw upon the causes thereof, are clearly set forth in this essay. (Ginn & Co.)—A NEW EDITION OF "The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala," written by himself, has been issued. We reviewed the entertaining work at length at the time of its first appearance (*The Critic*, 16 March 1895) and therefore this short announcement of the new edition must suffice. The author's death, on Dec. 8 of last year, gives to the work the stamp of finality. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—A BIOGRAPHY OF "John Hare, Comedian, 1865-95," by T. Edgar Pemberton, with many portraits, has been published in this country by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.

CY WARMAN'S "Tales of an Engineer, with Rhymes of the Rail," will have more interest for "railroad men" than for the general public. An enthusiast in his vocation, Mr. Warman makes the locomotive the real hero of his book, assigning to mere men and women a quite secondary rôle. His chapters of foreign travel add little of note to a story already familiar, and his "Rhymes of the Rail" seldom rise to the level of mediocrity. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY" is the quaint name which Maurice Hewlett has given to his book of impressions and appreciations of Tuscan art, scenery and manners, bearing the

London imprint of J. M. Dent & Co. Mr. Hewlett is a sprightly, even a witty, writer, thoroughly in love with the beautiful field he has chosen, and successful in imparting and interpreting the charm that attracts him. His sense of humor saves him from the languishing preciousness or the solemn preachiness of certain English writers on art; indeed, his tendency is rather to run into the contrary extreme, and he is not free from a jauntiness that approaches flippancy. He overworks his fine pictorial fancy, and, bright as it is, his criticism lacks the reposeful charm of the masters in that art. Talent of another kind is revealed in the dramatic and idyllic pieces which give a pleasant variety to the selection. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE ROMANTIC CAREER of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, might well tempt the historical novelist; but, though sufficient is known to prove that he had considerable capacity, both as a general and as a statesman, and to account for his reputation as a national hero, the details are lacking which might serve to make a biography interesting. Dr. Todhunter, in his "Life of Patrick Sarsfield," has given what is in the main a very readable narrative of the Jacobite war in Ireland, in which Sarsfield is brought into the foreground as often as possible. But in reality he rose into prominence only as the Stuart cause sank, and the most significant act of his life was his attempt to wrest from Ginkel, after the second siege of Limerick, articles of capitulation, which, if accorded, would have put an end to all Continental interference in Irish affairs. Dr. Todhunter, while condemning the cowardly and blundering James II., is less than just to the great qualities of his opponent. William was in no wise to blame for the Penal Laws, the result of which has been to undo the best part of his work in Ireland. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDIES; or, Expository and Homiletic Notes on the International Lessons for 1896," by E. E. Hoss, with maps and illustrations, has just been published. (Nashville, Tenn.: Pub'g House Methodist Episcopal Church.)

IN "AIM HIGH: Hints and Helps for Young Men," William M. Thayer enforces and illustrates some of the precepts usually laid down in such didactic works. He emphasizes the power of character, the value of thought, the benefits of reading, the importance of mental and spiritual growth, and the dangers of idleness, evil words and evil ways. That pluck, not luck, holds the secret of success, that activity rather than leisure is an element of happiness, that even a rolling stone may have more good than the proverb allows, though persistence is sure to win, are among the views advanced, and supported with abundant quotation and incident. The book is in every respect worthy the attention of those to whom it is addressed.—A COMPANION VOLUME, by the same author, is "Womanhood: Hints and Helps for Young Women." It opens with the stimulating suggestion that "girls ought to know, first of all, that they are the artificers of their own fortunes as really as boys." They should appreciate their powers and possibilities, and not be content with mediocrity. They should read the best books and periodicals, and from the daily newspapers should be familiar with current thought and events, and have opinions on all questions of the day. A girl's education should teach her to think, and also to do house-work, and thus prevent her from becoming an accidental, artificial, or useless woman. Three errors in the training of daughters are specified: neglect to prepare them for their spheres, thus making their learning purposeless; training them to attract admiration; and an extravagant waste of time in attention to music. (Thomas Whittaker.)

A VOLUME OF "Lebensbilder aus der Länder- und Völkerkunde," written, with diligent reference to the "best authorities," by A. Kleinschmidt, deals with America, North, Central and South. As a matter of course we turned at once to the pages devoted to the United States. The author begins with a detailed account of the swindles, tricks and impositions that are played upon the poor immigrant upon his arrival in Hoboken and the lower part of this city, but fails to lay sufficient emphasis upon the fact that most of the swindlers are foreigners. This strange phase of life in our great seaport is magnified by the intelligent writer into a national crime, and from this truly enlightening point of departure he proceeds to explain that all Americans are thieves by the following *pons asinorum*: no one can at the present time in America make a fortune by honest industry; all Americans want to make fortunes; therefore, knowing that honesty will not help them, they practice dishonesty. As far as safety is concerned, New York is

by night one vast playground for thugs, murderers and thieves, and shootings are of constant occurrence. As to our social conditions, children are taught but not educated (in which there is unhappily a great deal of truth); American women—well, they rule the men and give them little comfort and happiness in return for their fidelity and labor; the dollar is king, and social equality (which every foreigner expects to find flourishing among us) exists as little as abroad. On the whole, we must say that these chapters are so full of errors, misconceptions and Teutonic contempt for America and its institutions, that the author's occasional very just observations lose all power. The chapters on the Canadians and our Latin-American "brethren" we leave to them for perusal and comment. (Brentano's.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Bell's "Reader's Shakespeare."—Some months ago an inquiry for an edition of the plays condensed for public reading was printed in this department of *The Critic*, and answered as well as I could do it at the time. The first volume of such an edition, including the English and Roman Historical Plays, has been recently published. It is entitled "The Reader's Shakespeare," in which "his dramatic works are condensed, connected, and emphasized for school, college, parlor, and platform," by Mr. David Charles Bell, author of several books on elocution. Each play is so condensed that it may be read in about an hour, or an hour and a half at most. The gaps due to the abridgment are supplied by brief bits of narration. Emphatic words are indicated by a diacritical mark. Obsolete or peculiar words are explained in foot-notes. Expurgation is carried to what seems to me an unnecessary extreme. In a speech of Portia's, in "Julius Caesar," for instance, we have:—

"Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your home,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' servant, not his wife."

The substitution of "home" for "bed," and "servant" for "harlot," strikes me as over-prudish; and the latter change materially weakens the passage. I do not remember to have seen any expurgation of this speech in other school editions of the play. The book is well printed, though I note an occasional slip of the type; like "recreat" for "recreant" (p. 177), "the" for "thee" in "Get thee hence" (p. 495), etc. The edition will be completed in three volumes. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

The "Arden" Shakespeare.—This is a new school edition of Shakespeare, prepared in England, several volumes of which—"Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "Richard II."—have been recently put on the American market. The "general preface," apparently added in this country, says:—"In this edition of Shakespeare an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar." It might be asked whether any school edition, published or reprinted here, presents the plays as material for such study. I know of none. The preface continues:—"Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry." An examination of the notes shows, on the contrary, that the books contain more of verbal criticism than any other school edition that I have seen; and much, if not most, of this in no wise helps to the appreciation of the poetry. The introduction to each play gives its literary history, its sources, and the editor's comments on the characterization. It seems to me unfortunate that, neither here nor in the notes, does the student get more than an occasional slight hint of the opinions of other critics. In studying "Hamlet," for instance, so far as the book helps him—and in many schools the teacher is not competent to give him further help of real value,—the theory of the play that he gets is that it deals with "the ruin of a high soul," that it is "a tragedy of failure, of a great nature confronted with a low environment, and so, by the perversity of things, made ineffective and disastrous through its own greatness." That is one view of Hamlet, but it is not the only one, and perhaps not the right one. The editor of "As You Like It," strangely enough, "can only say that the verse is good of its kind: it is not a kind that admits of more than a quiet excellence. The lines are not surcharged with feeling, or eloquence, or imagination." And with this faint praise is Shakespeare's most

delightful comedy stupidly damned! Of some other defects in the edition, as they seem to me, I should like to say something, and to illustrate them by quotations, but I cannot take space for it now. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

"*McFingal*" and "*The Tempest*."—A Boston friend sends this note:—

"Trumbull's '*McFingal*' (Lossing's ed.) has this note on a passage in Canto iii.:—'This political plan of Trinculo the jester in "*The Tempest*" may be found in the old folio editions of Shakespeare, but for some reason it has been expunged by his commentators, and does not now appear.' In what part of the play is this political plan? The passage upon which this comment is made is as follows:—

'With Shakespeare's Trinculo in the play,
'You shall be viceroys here, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you.'"

"What is the 'expunged' passage referred to?"

No passage in the folio text of "*The Tempest*" is omitted in any modern edition known to me. The allusion in "*McFingal*" is apparently to Dryden's version of the play, where Stephano says that he will be "Duke," and that Mustacho shall be "Vice-Roy." When there is some dispute concerning this appointment, Mustacho says:—"Know then, that to prevent farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content Ventoso shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him." After further controversy, Stephano says:—"Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island"; and Ventoso and Mustacho both cry, "Agreed! agreed!" Trinculo is not present during this part of the scene, but when he comes in later and hears of the appointment of the two viceroys, he refuses allegiance to both the "Duke" and them.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mustacho and Ventoso are characters added to the play by Dryden, who makes many other bad changes in Shakespeare's work. Dryden's version is given in full in Furness's edition of "*The Tempest*" (pp. 389-449). It is curious that Trumbull should have taken this to be the original text instead of a vile corruption of it.

Brief Notes.—I learn from the last number of *The Shakespearean* that, in this year's April festival performances at the Stratford Memorial Theatre, the chief revival will be "Richard II.," which was one of the series of famous revivals during Charles Kean's régime at the Princess Theatre in London, some forty years ago. Other plays will be "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, is expected to visit Stratford during the festival, probably on the 23d. An American window is to be unveiled in the parish church, and there will be a banquet in the afternoon, with a visit to the Theatre in the evening to see "Richard II."

The Players of New York have given to the Memorial a copy of Oliver Lay's portrait of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, which will be formally presented by Mr. George F. Parker, United States Consul at Birmingham. It is expected that Mr. Bayard will participate in the ceremony. About a dozen members of the Club, now resident in England, have been invited to be present. Mr. Booth was a governor of the Memorial from 23 May 1876 till the day of his death, 7 June 1893.

There will be a Shakespearian dinner at Birmingham on April 21, given by the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club. Mr. Bayard will attend the festival, and so will that popular writer and speaker, the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop, rector of Scarning, Norfolk.

A book on "The Higher Teaching of Shakespeare," by Mr. Lewis H. Victory—let us hope that the name is auspicious!—is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock of London.

Another new pocket edition of Shakespeare is to be published by the Messrs. Newnes of London, in twelve monthly eighteen-penny volumes. It will be printed in bold type on antique paper, and will be concisely annotated.

A book on "Shakespeare's Flowers," by Mr. Phil Robinson, is to be published by Messrs. Innes & Co. It should be very good if it is to supersede Ellacombe's "Plant-Lore of Shakespeare."

In the restoration of St. Saviour's, Southwark, London, it is proposed to have stained-glass windows to the memory of Philip Massinger and John Fletcher, who are buried in the Church, and to Shakespeare, who lived in the parish and probably worshipped

there. If the funds are sufficient, windows to Burbage and Alleyn will be added. American contributions may be sent to the Rev. W. Thompson, D.D., at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

The Lounger

THE *Tribune* of Sunday last had a most interesting letter from Berlin on Hermann Sudermann. The writer, who modestly withholds his name, applied the American process of interviewing to Herr Sudermann, whose home is in a palatial Berlin apartment-house, where he works the year round, with the exception of short



trips to Italy and the Riviera. The author of "Magda" is still a young man, having just passed his thirty-eighth year. His study is a large room with "tasty and comfortable appointments," and near the desk, "which is scrupulously in order," is his library, in which "the interviewer noticed books of various languages." He reads English with ease, and is "a close student of our literature, but does not venture to speak the language. His wife shares his interest in our books, and is a great admirer of a number of English authors." Herr Sudermann studied to be a teacher, but became a journalist instead. It was his intention throughout, however, to be a writer of books. "In my own work," he said to the interviewer, "I have tried more or less to strike out a line of my own, but it goes without saying that Ibsen has exercised a great influence upon me. Indeed, without Ibsen, Tolstol and Zola, the entire modern movement in literature could not be."

WHEN ASKED how he would compare Duse and Bernhardt, he replied diplomatically:—"I cannot think of them in common. They are so absolutely different, and at the same time so supreme in their separate styles of acting, that they cannot be compared. To Duse, however, I feel particularly indebted, for she came to Berlin when my 'Heimath' was being played, and the part of Magda was in rather unfortunate hands—at any rate, the public did not seem to sympathize with the character. When Duse took hold of it the entire play got a better hearing, and I feel that not a little of its success was due to her acting."

THE INTERVIEWER THEN touched upon modern English and American books and authors, and learned that Kipling is the most read by literary men, the public not being yet well acquainted with him. "He is certainly a very great artist," said Herr Sudermann. "Our knowledge of American literature," he added, "is also very meagre. Hawthorne, Whitman and Thoreau we do not know at all. Bret Harte is the most widely read, and we think of him just as if he were a German. Mark Twain is also popular, and we can all laugh at his jokes. Of your poets, Poe is the best known, and in later years Aldrich's name is often mentioned." The interview as a whole is well worth reading.

THE PHILISTINE is a most unreasonable creature. He seems to think that an artist is subject to the same rules as a day laborer. In certain quarters there is some grumbling at Mr. St. Gaudens, because he has not finished the statue of General Sherman at the

time agreed upon. The mistake was that there should ever have been a time limit to the work. A sculptor of Mr. St. Gaudens's genius should be trusted to do his work in the manner that he thinks the most satisfactory, and not to cover a certain number of days. Mr. St. Gaudens is the sort of a man who, if he has finished a statue and it does not satisfy him as an artist, thinks nothing of destroying what he has done and beginning all over again, no matter what the expense may be to him. When he turns a statue over to a committee as finished, that committee may congratulate itself on having the best that he can do, and, what is more, the best that any sculptor alive to-day can do. It may be not be delivered on the day that Mr. St. Gaudens hoped to deliver it, but it will be none the less a great work of art. There are sculptors who will have their work done on the very hour agreed upon, but any committee that wants it is welcome to it. I only ask that it will not be set up in long-suffering New York.

SPEAKING OF artists, that was a very graceful tribute to a friend and fellow-craftsman that Mr. Will H. Low paid to the late Theodore Robinson in *The Evening Post*, a few nights ago. Mr. Low knew Mr. Robinson well, and not only appreciated him as an artist, but loved him as a friend. No one could know Theodore Robinson and not be fond of him. His invalidism made him an object of solicitude, and his friends felt that they had to look out for him, as he was not the sort of man to take care of himself. He had a kind and gentle nature and a refinement and delicacy that showed themselves in his art. I am fortunate enough to own two or three of his water-color sketches, and I own few things that I would part with more grudgingly.

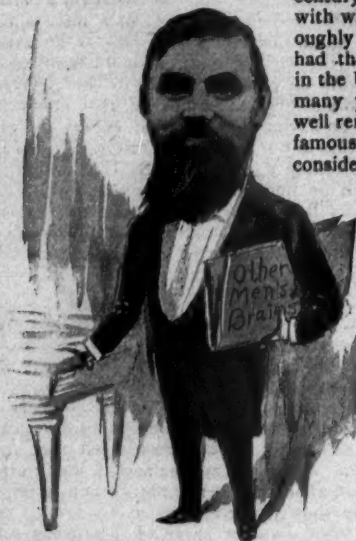
EVERYONE WHO reads Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell" will be interested to know that a woman has just been sentenced in Oxfordshire, England, for doing what Bessie did. Lucy Clack, who stole the savings of a poor laborer, had probably the same temptations that beset Bessie Costrell. I should like to know more of the story than the bare fact of the arrest as reported in the daily papers. No doubt in the hands of an experienced storyteller such as Mrs. Ward, as dramatic a story as "Bessie Costrell" could be made of it.

OLIVE SCHREINER, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," has begun in *The Fortnightly Review* a series of articles called "Stray Thoughts About South Africa," in which she dis-



plays a more than passing knowledge of the Boers. In her books Olive Schreiner (she still clings to her maiden name, though married) loves to speculate on spiritual themes, but in these articles she is entirely practical. The accompanying portrait is from the *Tribune*.

IN THE APRIL *Cosmopolitan* Major J. B. Pond writes of "The Lyceum" and the famous "lecture bureaux" of which the late Mr. James Redpath was the originator, more than a quarter of a



century ago. The subject is one with which Major Pond is thoroughly acquainted, for he has had the leading lecture bureau in the United States for a great many years. Among others I well remember Mr. T. B. Pugh's famous Star Course, which was considered more of a money-making property than any theatre in Philadelphia. Major Pond not only manages lecturers, but has been the manager of musicians as well. Ole Bull played, and Clara Louise Kellogg, Brignoli and others sang, under his management. Now Major Pond has turned lecturer himself, and is very successfully telling the public what he knows about the men and women who have

entertained them with lectures, readings or music. Major Pond is a large man with military moustache and whiskers and a clerical stoop. This picture does not do justice to his inches—and it is not intended to.

THE PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT and *alter ego* of the late ex-Prime-Minister of Greece, M. Tricoupis, was his sister, who helped him in his correspondence and acted as his chief confidant and counsellor, being regarded as a sort of Deputy Prime-Minister, whenever he was in office. She is described as a short, pleasant-looking woman, of about forty, who, like her brother, speaks English perfectly, having been born in London while her father was Envoy there. This father—himself a distinguished statesman—was the intimate friend and companion of Lord Byron; and the oration which he pronounced over the latter in the Cathedral of Missolonghi has been translated into almost every civilized language.

I WITNESSED the "dress rehearsal" of Mr. Alexander Black's new picture play, "A Capital Courtship," on Tuesday evening, and cannot say too much in praise of the pictures. They are far superior to those of "Miss Jerry," especially the views of Newport, the White House by moonlight, and on board the U. S. S. Maine. Among the portraits I mention those of Mr. Thomas B. Reed, Gen. Greely and President Cleveland in the order of their excellence. It was a happy idea of Mr. Black's to introduce Miss Jerry into his new story, and her appearance was greeted with a round of hearty applause. As this was a dress rehearsal and not a first night, I shall reserve my opinion of the story itself. I dare say that Mr. Black knows its weak points as well as I, and will strengthen them without delay. The portrait of Mr. Black given here is the property of the Messrs. Scribner.



On Translating from the Japanese

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your very flattering notice of our "Sunrise Stories," your critic, whose own animadversions on what he calls the "age-long literary hypocrisy and debilitation" of Japan are certainly put with sufficient force, speaks of our harmless statement that "what is best in the literature of Japan does not bear translation" as "heartless." But the same thing may be said, and in the same sense, of what is best in the classic literatures of Greece and Rome. How does Horace, for instance, fare in translation? The reader who is thoroughly acquainted with the English or any other great modern literature will find little outside of it that will add to his stock of positive knowledge; and, if he studies another literature, it will be for the sake of its form. It seems to us, therefore, that in saying that the literature of Japan is mainly one of form, we offer the best of reasons for its study in the original.

As to the lack of an index—our little book was intended for the general public, and not for special students to whom an index might be of use. The spelling of Mr. Wertheimer's name, we may add, is correct as it stands in the book.

ROGER RIORDAN,
TOZO TAKAYANAGI.

160 FIFTH AVENUE, New York, 6 April 1896.

Reform in Postage

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Manuscript intended for publication, whether mailed by author, editor or publisher, pays postage at the rate of two cents per ounce when sent by mail from New York to Brooklyn. A duplicate sent from New York to Melbourne or Johannesburg pays postage at the rate of one cent for every two ounces. In other words, domestic postage on authors' manuscript is exactly four times the rate of postage charged for transmission to the ends of the earth. For the short haul we pay 100 per cent.; for the long haul we pay 25 per cent. The inequality falls with peculiar force upon journalists, magazine writers, authors, editors and publishers. It is much cheaper to deal, in this particular, with Moscow or Greenland than with our own city. When I mail a ten-ounce letter for publication in Boston, the postage is twenty cents; a duplicate mailed for publication in London pays five cents. Authors, publishers, Congress and the Post Office Department might join in demanding, or requesting, or enacting, that "commercial papers," as defined and treated by the Postal Union, be treated as well, or no worse, in our home mails. Under the present law it is easy and comfortable to send manuscript to Europe; to send the same manuscript for domestic delivery costs exactly four times the sum, which is a most unjust and unreasonable tax. The case deserves Mr. Postmaster-General Wilson's personal attention no less than the active request for relief on the part of all men and women that make manuscript for publication.

BOSTON, MASS., 14 April. 1896.

C. W. ERNST.

Mr. Reynolds-Stephens and "Black and White"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your London Letter, dated Jan. 24 and published on Feb. 8 last. Your correspondent, Mr. Arthur Waugh, has there commented upon the recent action of Mr. Reynolds-Stephens against *Black and White*. I cannot but agree with Mr. Waugh when he says that the laws of copyright are hard to understand, but what appears to have puzzled him even more than these laws is the fact that in the case referred to the jury awarded the plaintiff 100*l.* damages and costs. This circumstance would probably have surprised Mr. Waugh less had he grasped the facts as they came out in evidence. He says in his letter:—

"*Black and White* purchased from an artist the right to reproduce in its 'Academy Supplement' a certain picture which he was exhibiting at Burlington House. In the Academy catalogue this picture was priced at 25*0l.* Well, *Black and White* reproduced it, as arranged, in the supplement in question, and, shortly afterwards, gave a second reprint of it in its ordinary issue. The artist proceeded against the paper for infringement of copyright, and claimed damages to the extent of 300*l.* His argument was that the picture had lost in value for reproduction purposes by being printed in the body of the periodical, and that the sum of 300*l.* represented the loss he had suffered."

Mr. Waugh is quite wrong in two material points. In the first place, the proprietors of *Black and White* did not reproduce the picture, "as arranged, in the supplement in question," and they did reproduce it in their ordinary issue, not shortly afterwards, but many months afterwards, when the exhibition had been long closed and when any advantage had departed which might have accrued to Mr. Reynolds-Stephens from the reproduction of his picture in an Academy hand-book. There is another point of importance which Mr. Waugh overlooks—*vis.*, that in the arrangement for the insertion in the Academy supplement, *Black and White* undertook to publish the usual notice reserving the copyright to the artist. In the publication which actually took place no such reservation was made. Had the plaintiff's case not been a more substantial one than your correspondent imagines, is it likely that Mr. Reynolds-Stephens would have been supported, to quote Mr. Waugh himself, by "various distinguished artists," who "gave opinions in his favour"?

I shall be greatly obliged by your kind insertion of this letter, because the members of the Society of Illustrators have taken a deep interest in the case and they would be very sorry if an erroneous impression of it should get abroad in the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE, Telegraph St., F. W. SULLIVAN,
London, E. C. Secretary Society of Illustrators.
March 17, 1896.

Scientific Prophecy in Literature

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The last *Critic* contained a reference to two curious prophecies which were hints of the X ray, by Crawford and Hawthorne, respectively; but neither, it seems to me, was so direct and significant as that one of Lowell's ancient weather observations. In "My Garden Acquaintances," at the fifth page, after some whimsical observations as to haymaking and the prosperity of the crops, he says:—"I have little doubt that the regulated observations of the vane, in many different places, and the interchange of results by telegraph, would put the weather, as it were, in our power, by betraying its ambushes before it is ready to give the assault."

Within twenty years after this was written, the Weather Bureau was founded on the line of observation here indicated.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., 6 April 1896. ENOCH KNIGHT.

A Crying E-vil

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It is possibly too late to cure the affectation of giving a Teutonic twist to the pronunciation of those good old Saxon words *either* and *neither*, in whose original there was no suspicion of an *i*, for fashion seems to have decreed, notwithstanding the opposition of the lexicographers, that they shall be *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, and so they will probably continue to be with those who aspire to keep pace with the popular whirl, until the turn of the wheel shall bring the correct form on top again. That oft-mooted question may then be considered out of court for the present.

But there are two other words that seem to be going the same road, and alike in opposition to all authority, concerning which I wish to make a few remarks. I mean the words *evil* and *devil*, which have a close relation to each other in more ways than one. Many of our clergymen have adopted for these words the pronunciation of *e-vil* and *dev-il*, and I am sorry to say that the *dev-il* has so got the upper hand that the *e-vil* is on the increase, until what was in the beginning only a clerical affectation now bids fair, like *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, to assume the proportions of a popular fashion. Time was when the stage virtually set the standard in the pronunciation of the language, but in these latter days of dramatic degeneracy, when slipshod English and imperfect enunciation seem to be the rule behind the footlights, the pulpit exerts an equal if not the greater influence. It behooves every clergyman, then, to look carefully to his rhetorical ways, lest he teach orthoëpic heterodoxy while preaching the soundest of theological orthodoxy. Now, the words in question have been pronounced, ever since the English language came into being, simply *e-vil* and *dev-l*, with the accent on the first syllable, and no amount of mispronunciation can make the one any worse or add any terrors to the other. If our clergymen will only bear in mind that "The *e-vil* that men do lives after them," they will look more carefully in future to their orthoëpy, and hesitate ere they try to improve on the good old-fashioned *dev-l* of our fathers.

NEW YORK, 16 March 1896. JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN.

Mrs. Barr on the Life of Novels

AT ITS APRIL monthly literary meeting, Sorosis discussed the following question:—"Is the exaltation of the novel and the decadence of poetry, epistolary writings and the essay a development or a retrogression in literature?" The principal speaker on the subject was Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who declared that neither poetry, epistolary writings nor essays meet the needs of the present time. "A writer of to-day," she said, "who would be popular must be a story-teller; though novels, the best as well as the worst, die with the generation that has produced them. This is the superscription above the whole class, because a novel is the echo to that humanity which met the writer in his own day. Novel writing is, therefore, the progressive phase of literature; it will never go back; it will never fall into decadence; it will keep time and step with life's progress in everything lovely and of good report. If I speak highly of my own profession, I do but as St. Paul did; I magnify my calling, feeling all its honor and responsibility and being right grateful that I am born thereto."

We marvel greatly at Mrs. Barr's statement that "novels, the best as well as the worst, die with the generation that has produced them." Let us see: "The Vicar of Wakefield," for instance, and Jane Austen's works, and Fielding's and Smollett's and Charlotte Brontë's and George Eliot's and "Vanity Fair"? And Defoe, Alexandre Dumas, *père*, "Don Quixote" and Balzac? Mrs. Barr's statement should be taken with more than a grain of salt.

A Suggestion for a Burns Book-plate

(The Westminster Budget)

Presently there will be pilgrims to the little town of Ayr in greater numbers than is usual. For it is the year for a Burns centenary—he died July 21, 1796—and in regard to the event a very happy thought has occurred to the editor of "The Book-



Plate Annual" (London: A. & C. Black). Burns, it would appear, never possessed a book-plate of his own. But a suggestion for one may be got from a letter of his to a friend. The letter is dated March 3, 1793, and reads thus:—

"One commission I must trouble you with * * * I want to cut my armorial bearing (on a seal). Will you be so obliging as to inquire the expense for me? I do not know that my name is matriculated, as the heralds call it, but I have invented arms for myself, and, by the courtesy of Scotland, will likewise be entitled to supporters. These, however, I do not intend to have on my seal. I am a bit of a herald, and shall give you my arms: On a field, *aurv*, a holly-bush, seeded, proper on base; a shepherd's pipe and crook, psalterwise, also proper in chief on a wreath of the colours; a woodlark perching on a spray of bay tree, proper for crest; two mottoes round the top of the crest—"Wood Notes Wild," at the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, "Better ane wee bush than nae bield." By the shepherd's pipe and crook I mean a stock, and a horn, and a club."

This is on the seal used by Burns until his death, and reposes with the Burns relics in the cottage in which he was born, an edifice that had been erected by his father about two miles from the town of Ayr. As to supporters, for these it will be seen that the

artist, Mr. John Leighton—we reproduce the plate by kind permission—has given the poet "Ossian" and "Coila," whilst the portrait dividing the crest from the shield is that taken from Naysmith's popular picture (painted from the life).

A Book and Its Story

"OUR MARY'S" MEMORIES

IT IS, I believe, quite the custom to speak of Miss Mary Anderson as "our Mary," though that name of endearment was not originally applied to her. According to Mr. Laurence Hutton (see "Plays and Players"), Mary Gannon of Wallack's Theatre was the first of "our Marys." In later days the name was given to Miss Anderson because of the very friendly feeling the American public entertained for her. That feeling will be even more friendly after her book ("A Few Memories": Harper & Bros.) has been read. It is just such a book as those familiar with the career of Miss Anderson would expect. Had she been a greater actress, I doubt if she would have written as she has. As a girl she was "stage-struck," and she was allowed to follow the bent of her inclinations. After a few years of stage life she had enough of it, and was only too glad to retire from public view. She retired while she was at the height of her popularity, so it was no sense of failure that determined her in her course. Even when she began her career she does not seem to have been very much infatuated with the life, and she always found the drudgery as well as the publicity very irksome. Success was not long in coming to her. She was fitted in many ways to shine as an actress. Her face, her figure, her voice were all in her favor, and her personality was altogether attractive.

"I have written these pages," she says in her opening chapter, "more for young girls (who may have the same ambitions that I had) than for anyone else: to show them that the glitter of the stage is not all gold, and thus to do a little towards making them realize how serious an undertaking it is to adopt a life so full of hardships, humiliations, and even dangers." Miss Anderson has conscientiously done what she set out to do, but let her not flatter herself that she has accomplished her object. If warnings were heeded, how little trouble there would be in the world! But, alas! they are not. I have my doubts whether the average girl with histrionic ambitions will find a warning in Miss Anderson's career. Indeed, I believe that she will think that the "hardships," "humiliations" and "even dangers" are offset by the applause of the public and the many social attractions of the life of a successful actress, to say nothing of the money considerations.

The social side of Miss Anderson's career was not the least of its rewards. Through her position as an actress and her charming personality she was received by the most interesting people wherever she went. In America Gen. Sherman and Mr. Longfellow treated her as though she were their own daughter, and in England she was as much at home in the houses of Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Alma Tadema, George Watts, Mrs. Humphry Ward and other men and women famous in the world of art and letters, as she was in her own. Her anecdotes of these are the most interesting in the book. Every conversation with Longfellow, she writes, left some good result. His first advice to her, which she has followed for years, was:—"See some good picture—in nature if possible, or on canvas,—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself." A few months before his death the poet sent for Miss Anderson, who was in Boston, to come to see him. She went and was shocked at his feebleness and "the veil of sadness that was over him." "Until the spring then!" he said as they parted, "if I am still here. I wonder if we shall ever meet again! I am old now and not very well." He stood at the window watching her as she left. Its vash was covered with snow. "His face looked like a picture set in a white, glistening frame; for the sun was shining, and his hair and beard were nearly as white as the snow itself." That was the last time she saw him.

Miss Anderson quotes Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. Lowell on immoral plays. The former was very severe upon plays that "drag one through the mire of immorality, even when they show a good lesson at the end." "What I could not invite my friends to hear and see in my own parlor," he said, "I would not

feel at liberty to put before my friends in the theatre." Years after that she was lunching with Mr. Lowell and a party of friends, and the conversation fell upon "La Tosca." Mr. Lowell was asked what he thought of the play. "I have not seen it," he answered. "I refuse to have my mind dragged in the gutter. If Mme. Bernhardt will appear in such plays, I for one will forego the pleasure of seeing her act." Miss Anderson has also heard Tennyson declaim against "this realism, this degradation of the drama," as he called it. She met Mr. Lowell for the first time in London, at the house of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and was delighted with him, as he no doubt was with her, for Mr. Lowell loved young people, and that they were girls and beautiful did not lessen their attractiveness.

Browning impressed her less favorably than either Longfellow, Lowell or Tennyson. He was more like an "old-school Southern country gentleman" than her ideal of "England's mystic poet." "There was," she says, "a kind of friendly chattiness in his conversation, more agreeable, I thought, than distinguished."

Tennyson she met for the first time in Dean Stanley's drawing-rooms.

"He had," she writes, "a noble head and presence, but my first feeling was one of keen disappointment, simply because I did not find the Laureate exactly what I expected him to be. To form an ideal of any person, place, or thing beforehand is no doubt a mistake; for there is a disturbing surprise in store for one, even if the original surpasses the ideal. The poet's manner at first struck many as gruff. I felt it so then; though, on knowing him better, I found him one of the kindest and most sympathetic natures. He did not come into the drawing-room after luncheon, for his pipe seemed a necessity to him on all occasions. He sent for me before I left, and during our tête-à-tête his manner had so changed as to lead me to believe that his former brusqueness was only due to shyness. * * * He was a large, strongly built man, with a lion-like head, splendidly poised on broad shoulders. His profile was particularly noble. His hands were large and shapely, his fingertips square. Anyone understanding the subject would have called them honest, trust-inspiring hands, capable of doing good and great things."

After this they became warm friends, and she visited him many times in his own home. While preparing his "Foresters" for the stage, she writes that "a visit was planned to the New Forest. Lord Tennyson, with his son and charming daughter-in-law, my mother and I spent two days together under the 'melancholy bows' of that beautiful wood. I had never seen the bard in gayer mood than during that long picnic. We lunched upon the ground, in the checkered shade, and walked and drove from morning till night through the great forest. Passing some stray streamlet it was delightful to see the aged poet play at ducks-and-drakes and quote between whiles in his inimitable way:—

'Flow on, cold rivulet, to the sea,' etc."

Cardinal Newman received her at Birmingham. She was "surprised to find him very small and fragile. No picture of him gives the spiritual beauty of his face. His thick hair was so white that it looked as if some snowy powder had been thrown over it. His eyes were light in color, small, and full of expression. When he smiled they had the youthful look of a boy of ten. His manner was pleasant, though not so winning or courtly as that of Cardinal Manning, who might have been a Prince in the most brilliant of courts. Cardinal Newman had more of the reserve of the student about him. * * * I can still see his slight, almost shriveled figure, clad in a black-and-red cassock, and the beautiful head and snowy hair with the scarlet skull cap. There was such a marked character about him that even a passing glance in a crowd would have stamped his personality upon one's memory."

While she was in London many new plays were offered to Miss Anderson. Among others Mr. W. S. Gilbert submitted "Brantingham Hall," but she realized that the chief character was not in her line, and declined it. In his usual amusing way the author asked her whether her reason for doing so was because she found anything gross in it; "for," said he, "I hear that you hate gross things so much that you can hardly be induced to take your share of the gross receipts."

Her success in London was instantaneous and continuous, as every one knows who follows the history of the stage. From London she returned to her own country, and in Washington took her one and only farewell of the stage. She was very ill on that night, but insisted upon acting. She thus describes the last scene:—

"Donning the statue-like draperies of Hermione, I mounted the pedestal. My physician, formerly an officer in the army, said that he had never, even in the midst of a battle, felt so nervous as when he saw the figure of

Hermione swaying on her pedestal up that long flight of stairs. Every moment there was an hour of torture to me, for I felt myself growing fainter and fainter. All my remaining strength was put into that last effort. I descended from the pedestal and was able to speak all but the final line. This remained unuttered and the curtain rang down on my last appearance on the stage."

Here are the last lines in this volume of *Memories*:—

"The following November (1889) I became engaged to Antonio de Navarro, whom I had known for many years, and in June of 1890, at the little Catholic Church at Hampstead, London, we were married. Many and great inducements have since been frequently offered me to act again, but—

*'Il en coute trop cher pour briller dans le monde,
Combien je vais aimer ma retraite profonde;
Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés.'*"

That a woman still in her thirties should have "memories" worth printing is unusual. That these were worth printing, no one will deny who reads them. They will leave to future generations a fragrant memory of "our Mary."

J. L. G.

The Fine Arts

Japanese Prints at the Grolier Club

PERHAPS NO OTHER form of printed art holds so much amusement in store for the collector as the Japanese color print. In other lines the great work is known, classified and described, and there is very little chance of obtaining any of it at a bargain. When one gets a good impression of a Dürer or a Marc Antonio, a Rembrandt or a Whistler, he pays its full price, the money value of state, condition, margin, everything, being calculated to a nicety. But the fancies of individuals still rule the prices that may be asked and paid for Japanese prints, and really important collections have yet to be formed, or are only now in process of formation. The history of the art, though much written about, is little known. Authorities differ by more than a century on the question of the date at which color-printing began in Japan. And, although the individuality of the artist counts for far less than in European work, and the care taken with the particular impression for much more, there are collectors who swear by Outamaro, or Hokusai, or Harunobu, as though the mass of their work was of the excellence which, in reality, was reached in only a few impressions.

The exhibition now open at the Grolier Club consists of the works of only a dozen artists; but, having been selected from collections made with uncommon taste and discretion, and well arranged by an expert, it offers an excellent opportunity for study. The catalogue, compiled by Mr. Shugio, begins with a few specimens of the black prints of the early eighteenth century, some of them very curious and interesting in drawing and in black-and-white pattern work, especially one belonging to Mr. Waggaman of Washington, showing girls whispering overheard by another hidden behind a screen. Such prints were frequently colored by hand, as early European woodcuts were; and, probably about the middle of the last century, color began to be applied by means of additional blocks. It was, at first, restricted to one or two tints—pale yellow and green, or pink and green, the dominant colors in the fine Chinese porcelains of the same period. When, later, a third block was added, it was usually a grey, or a modification of one of the other colors used. The result is invariably pretty. Indeed, given the quality of even the cheaper grades of Japanese paper of the time, and the fact that none of the colors used (with the exception occasionally of red lead) was crude in tone, it could hardly be otherwise. As long as this modest scheme of color was adhered to, and the added blocks, up to the number of six or eight, but enriched the scale of greys or browns, or dull greens, the printer might safely be left to himself.

But from the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when rich and strong color effects were frequently attempted, the choice of impression becomes of the greatest importance. Even in this unusually select exhibition there are examples of muddy and discordant color dating from what is generally held to be the best period of the art. This may be laid to the printer's account, but the drawing also varies greatly in merit, the graceful and spirited Harunobu, the masterly Kiyonaga, the elegant and courtly Yeishi being frequently guilty of weak drawing and ineffective composition. The fuller the range of resources at the artist's command, the more uneven the quality of his printed work. Hokusai and Hiroshige, the latest two of the artists represented, produced quantities of commonplace and vulgar work, together with much that may be classed among the very best. There may be a lesson in

this for those who would revive color-printing among us. To supply the average printer with a full palette is to ensure bad work, unless he has an artist constantly at his elbow. And not every artist, even, is a colorist.

Many of the most beautiful examples in the exhibition come from the collection of Mr. Samuel Coleman, particularly a fine Masanobu, a lady caressing a boy, in black and yellow, several charming specimens of Harunobu, and a powerful and harmonious drawing of a group of young women in dull orange, black, maroon and pale blue green, by Torii Kiyonaga. From the collection of Mr. J. Alden Weir comes a very pretty Harunobu, and a good specimen of the landscapist, Hiroshige, sunlight and shower over a town and bridge in the foreground, with a distant view, through the rain, of the cone of Fujiyama. Two very suggestive moonlight views by Hiroshige, a street-scene with cherry-trees in flower before the lighted veranda of a tea-house, and a river view with strolling actors, one of them carrying a huge grotesque mask, show whence Mr. Whistler has drawn part of his inspiration. Other particularly fine or rare prints are the uncut triptychs after Masanobu, Nos. 12 and 15, a curious group of young women in a garden listening to a flute-player who stands without the hedge, by Kiyonaga, and some fine double and triple sheet prints after Yeishi, Outamaro and Toyokuni.

Modern French Posters

THE MOST COMPLETE and interesting collection of French picture-posters that has yet been exhibited in New York, is now to be seen at the gallery of Messrs. Meyer Bros., 1132 Broadway. Very nearly the complete work of the audacious Chéret—the work which started the mania for artistic posters—is exhibited, including the remarkable quartette of unpublished designs, "The Dance," "Comedy," "Music" and "Pantomime," and his two flamboyant sketches of Loie Fuller, in red and green. The excellent series of small posters of the Salon des Cent; Steinlen's masterly drawings of cats and children, and his grotesque Yvette Guilbert; Willette's great electioneering poster; the rare design of the great decorative painter, Puvis de Chavannes, Robbe's well-named "L'Éclatante"; Meunier's brilliant little sketch of a young woman scattering confetti; Lautrec's "Babylone D'Allemagne," Ibels's "Escarmouche," Grasset's fine lithograph of the "Librairie Romantique," now very scarce, and Dillon's excellent "Marchand de Ballons" are only a few of several hundred well-selected specimens of color-printing as applied to the decoration of dead walls. Many have serious artistic merit and are worthy of preservation.

Art Notes

IN AN illustrated article on Mr. Sargent's decorations in the Boston Public Library, last week, we quoted from Mr. Herbert Small's "Hand-book of the New Public Library in Boston" the statement that the Library's seal "was originally designed by Mr. Kenyon Cox," and that Mr. St. Gaudens adapted it for the main entrance and for the book-mark. Just the opposite is true: the seal was designed by Mr. St. Gaudens; all the adaptations of it are the work of Mr. Cox. It is time this persistent error should be corrected.

—Mr. MacMonnies has expressed his willingness to make the statue of the late Gen. John B. Woodward for the Woodward Memorial. The Committee in charge of the movement will at once proceed to obtain subscriptions for the Memorial.

—Under the will of the late D. T. Mills of Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts of that city will receive nearly \$750,000 upon the demise of his immediate heirs. It is possible for the Trustees to anticipate the bequest in any one of several ways.

—"A Text-book of the History of Architecture," by Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University has just been added to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.'s series of College Histories of Art. The book contains over 200 illustrations, bibliographies, a glossary and an index of architects.

—An exhibition of book-plate designs, including selections from those submitted in competition for the Mead prize, with the prize design itself, was held at the Authors Club on April 11, and will be repeated to-day, from four to six P. M.

—"Pierre Puvis de Chavannes: A Sketch," by Lily Lewis Rood, is full of such precious Bunthorne like phrases as "the gaudy bouquet of speeches," "walls haunted by photographs," "the delicately dusty atmosphere," "a little old dog with a body like a stem and a head like a ragged flower." Conversation with M. de Chavannes is "like a Japanese room"; he shows

toward society no "aggressive indifference"; he would probably be ready to die for his creed, but "the peculiar subtlety of his tact must always render this unnecessary." The peculiar subtlety of the author's humor leaves us in doubt sometimes as to where the laugh comes in, but we should say that it is safe to smile at every third or fourth sentence. There are illustrations after some of M. de Chavannes's paintings, including one for the Boston Public Library. (L. Prang & Co.)

—At the annual meeting of the Society of American Artists, on April 11, Mr. E. H. Blashfield declined to accept a reelection as President, and Mr. John La Farge was elected as his successor.

—The suit brought by Mr. Henry T. Schladermundt, the artist, against Mr. B. Colgate, for payment for plans for interior decorations of the latter's house, which were submitted by request but not accepted, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. The case is of interest to artists as forming a precedent.

London Letter

WHAT QUIETER RETREAT wherein to spend the few hours of public holiday at Easter than the peaceful hamlet of Chalfont-St.-Giles! There are many delicious villages in Buckinghamshire; and I cannot say whether Chalfont would be accounted by the antiquarian the loveliest village of the plain, or no; it is enough that, for the hour, it seems the loveliest to us. And truly, it is singularly unspoiled. One long, straggling street constitutes the length and breadth of it; save for a farm-house or two nestling beside the gently undulating hill. Scarcely a house in this street but is beamed and gabled, looking as it has looked any time these 150 years. An old inn, "Merlin's Cave," standing back behind a stagnant pond and village-green: a baker's, a butcher's, and a general shop, where are wonderful boots, ready for plough or meadowland, at two shillings and eleven pence a pair; three school-girls shouting impudence through the cobbler's window, and running away up an archway before he can throw his last at them; these are the afternoon sights of Chalfont-St.-Giles! But at the end of the village is its treasure-house, for which men still make pilgrimages, Milton's Cottage.

As everyone knows, Milton came to Chalfont-St.-Giles in 1665, fleeing from the terror of the Plague; and here he began to write "Paradise Regained," inspired to the effort by a random remark of Ellwood. By rare fortune—all too rare, alas!—the cottage in which he lived stands now practically as it stood then; and, unlike most such places, it "comes up to the expectations." So little has the village grown, that it is still the last house on the way to Beaconsfield. The long street climbs a little to reach it, and along the side runs a battered red wall, mossy and set with ferns, with broad, low buttresses to support it. Milton's cottage is on the left hand side of the road, pushing out upon the causeway a high chimney, built in stages, very broad at the base, and uncommonly narrow at the top. There is a prim, old-fashioned garden, running along the roadside, with cobble path and beehives. The front of the house shows a coat-of-arms nearly obliterated; the windows are low, and leaded closely. The cottage was acquired by the parish in 1887, a subscription being raised among the parishioners and a few men-of-letters, to buy the freehold. There has been no absurd restoration; the place is left in its primitive state. Down two steps into a stone passage, and the door on the right admits you into the room which Milton occupied: the room in which he began "Paradise Lost." It is plainly whitewashed, and the oaken beam which runs across the ceiling is all but touchwood.

Opposite the door is a fine old fireplace; and simple oak tables and chairs complete the furniture. Meanwhile the room contains the nucleus of a Milton museum. There are various reproductions in glass cases, including an interesting facsimile of the first draft of "Comus," laboriously corrected, with heavy deletions. There are also several portraits of Milton upon the walls, including one at ten years old, one at twenty-two, and several of riper years. A copy of Cromwell's "Soldier's Bible" is in a conspicuous place; and there are various modern editions of Milton's poems, sent by the different editors. The most valuable relics, of course, are the first editions. There is a fine copy of the *editio princeps* of "Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes" (1666), and another of "The History of Britain" (1670). There is also Milton's own copy of John Rea's "Flora," containing his autograph in large hand upon the fly-leaf, "John Milton Book 1679": this is in excellent preservation. And, to conclude the list, there are five cannon balls, picked out of the roof of Chalfont Church and from the rectory garden, and authoritatively reported to have been fired by Cromwell's soldiers, who were picketed at Chalfont after the battle of

Aylesbury. It is seldom one's good fortune to come across a remarkable house whose characteristics have been preserved with so much good sense and discretion; and the parish deserves every credit for its judgment.

But, indeed, the whole village seems in keeping with the cottage; if one may thus place the cart before the horse. You approach the church through an archway in one of the cottages, with the living-room above you, heavily timbered and romantically tumble-down. In the old churchyard, I came across many quaint tombstones, one, of the seventeenth century, with a rhyming epitaph, curiously pathetic:—

"Italy, Spain, Germany, France,
Have been on earth my weary dance;
And now I own ye grave's my greatest friend,
That hath of all my travels made an end."

Through all this rural quiet the echoes of London seem to beat but faintly. Still, I hear that Sir George Newnes is about to start a new paper—this time a morning journal, with peculiarities of its own. It is to espouse the interests of women, to eschew politics altogether, and to deal largely in illustrations. The editor will be Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, late of *The Realm*; and the paper will make its appearance within a week or so. Really, Sir George Newnes is now to journalism what Sir Augustus Harris is to the stage! May his new venture meet with the success which its ingenuity deserves.

LONDON, 3 April 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

A REVOLUTION has taken place in the firm of Stone & Kimball, which is an unfortunate thing for its work as well as for the city in which its quick success has been achieved. The name, business and good-will of the corporation have been purchased by the junior partner, who will transfer its activities to New York. The arrangement is an amicable one, though it is the result of some differences of opinion on matters of policy between the two men. These having reached the point where dissolution became inevitable, Mr. Stone offered to buy or sell, with the unexpected result already stated. Heretofore Mr. Kimball has been the business manager of the firm, and much of his success in the future will depend upon his ability in selecting his associates. He has done much, however, to make the firm recognized, and it is probable that his cleverness will enable him to carry on the work so enthusiastically begun. Whether it will follow the old lines or not is now an open question. *The Chap-Book* is without an editor, as both Mr. Stone and Mr. Rhodes will remain in all probability in Chicago, but there is material enough in the office to sustain the periodical for some months. We have an affection here for this little magazine, and our regret in seeing it pass away from us is neither light nor superficial. It is our one ewe lamb, but apparently from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *The Chap-Book*, during its brief career, has maintained a remarkably high literary standard. It published "Macaire," by Stevenson and Henley, and has printed poems by such men as John Davidson, Paul Verlaine, Mallarmé, Edmund Gosse and Norman Gale. Its editors were afraid of nothing, and it has been their special delight to discover and encourage unknown talent. If the magazine had the defects of its qualities, the qualities themselves were strong enough to carry it through. Yet it never took itself too seriously, and its alert enthusiasm was combined with a kind of whimsical humor.

Of the publications which Mr. Kimball carries to New York, the most important is the sumptuous edition of Poe, edited by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Prof. George E. Woodberry. The Stevenson books revert to the Messrs. Scribner, but the others are retained. And among their producers are such talented writers as William Watson, Kenneth Grahame, Maeterlinck, Gilbert Parker, Harold Frederic, William Sharp, Eugene Field, Hamlin Garland, H. B. Marriott Watson, Lilian Bell, Mrs. Reginald de Koven and H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. The plans of Mr. Stone and of Mr. Harrison G. Rhodes, who has been an efficient adviser in the work of the firm, are still chaotic. It is probable, however, that Mr. Stone will start afresh here in Chicago, and he is revolving in his mind a plan to establish a magazine. If this is carried to fruition, Mr. Stone's discriminating taste in matters pertaining to literature and art is a guarantee that it will attract attention.

CHICAGO, 14 April 1896.

LUCY MONROE.

Free Public Libraries

A PUBLIC MEETING was held at Chickering Hall on April 11, under the management of the New York Free Circulating Library Society, for the purpose of arousing interest in the Society's work, and thus to secure financial aid for the establishment of at least ten more branches, bringing the total up to twenty, of which eight will be below Fourteenth Street and twelve above. Mayor Strong presided, and ex-Judge Howland was the first speaker. He sketched the history of the Society, and said in part:—

"The harvest that was to be reaped from a cultivation of the field is shown in the fact that, with an expenditure of \$34,000 and a collection of books numbering about 81,000, the Library has circulated them during the last year among 654,000 readers, with scarcely the loss of a book, and has risen in point of circulation to the third place in the country, being surpassed only by Boston and Chicago. Boston, seventh in population but first in library progress, has spent \$2,368,000 for its Public Library, gives it over \$200,000 yearly, has 600,000 volumes, and circulates, by the help of nine branches and sixteen delivery stations, nearly 2,000,000 volumes. If we circulated proportionately, our circulation would be 8,000,000. Chicago, the second city, appropriates \$125,000 public money yearly, and from its 200,000 volumes circulates, with thirty-eight branch agencies, over 1,000,000 among 50,000 users. Philadelphia appropriates \$110,000; St. Louis gives its public library over \$100,000, and circulates 330,000. San Francisco, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Cleveland each appropriates more money than New York, and circulates in every instance less than half the volumes."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie spoke of New York as "the greatest and most persistent grumbler among all the cities of the world," but added that "the one thing for which we should have grumbled most and for which we have grumbled least" is a "free public library, maintained at the expense of the city for the good of all the people." He referred, also, to the New York Library, declaring that the site at Bryant Park should not be given to it, unless its Trustees placed first in importance "the free circulating department of books for the masses." Mr. John L. Cadwalader, who was one of the principal agents in bringing about the union of the Lenox, Astor and Tilden libraries, said, in answer to the latter part of Mr. Carnegie's address:—"So far as the New York public library bodies are concerned, and so far as the criticisms go for not having great extensions of the public library system, I am not sure that, after all, New York is so much to blame. I say this because nobody has ever asked her to have public libraries, nobody has ever invited her to a public feast of that kind, and nobody has ever laid before her a program or theory in this direction of which she would not be ashamed."

Dr. Roosevelt and Dr. Mapes

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION in this city has just lost two of its best young representatives—Dr. J. West Roosevelt and Dr. James Jay Mapes. The former was cut off in his thirty-eighth year; the latter was only thirty. Dr. Roosevelt was a member of one of the best-known families in New York, and had himself contributed not a little to its repute. As a writer of prose and verse, he reached the general public through the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*; the profession knew him as a contributor to *The New York Medical Journal* and *The Practitioner*. He was one of the authors of "Hygiene in the Home" (a Scribner publication); and with a number of specialists he had prepared for the Appletons an important work, "In Sickness and in Health," which will see the light immediately. He was attending physician at Roosevelt Hospital, visiting physician at Bellevue, and physician in charge at Seton Hospital for Consumptives. Dr. Roosevelt was a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a member of the Academy of Medicine, Medical and Surgical Society, Practitioners' Society, and the Pathological Society, and of the Century and St. Anthony clubs, and fleet surgeon of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club. His personality was manly and attractive, and as physician, friend and citizen his death will be widely and deeply deplored.

Dr. Mapes was one of the sons of Mr. Charles V. Mapes and grandson of the late Prof. James Jay Mapes, who distinguished themselves at Columbia College in athletics as well as in the classroom. Having graduated at Columbia eight years ago, he took a degree at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and afterwards carried off high honors as a medical student at Edinburgh. Returning to this city, he won further distinction at the New York Hospital. After eighteen months' service there, he went abroad again, and resumed his studies, at Paris and Vienna. Dr. Roux, under whom he studied in the former city, gave him the first vials of his anti-toxin that came to this country; and the remedy

was tried with success in the treatment of diphtheria in the Nursery and Child's Hospital in Lexington Avenue, of which the young man became resident physician fifteen months ago. Dr. Mapes was a nephew of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*.

Educational Notes

A NUMBER of teachers and principals in our public schools continue to be active in their opposition to the Compromise school bill. The public meeting arranged by them some time ago passed unperceived, and now they are trying to obtain signatures for petitions to Mayor Strong. The evident influence of politics here demonstrates still more clearly the need of the new measure.

The Chemistry Building of Columbia University, the gift whereof by the Havemeyer family was briefly announced in this column last week, will be a memorial of the late Frederick Christian Havemeyer. The donors are his sons, Frederick Christian, Theodore A., Thomas J. and Henry O., his daughters, Mrs. Kate B. Belloni and Mrs. S. J. Louisa Jackson, and his nephew, Charles H. Senff. The friends of the late Joseph Mosenthal have decided to endow a fellowship in music in Columbia in his memory, and will endeavor to raise \$10,000 for the purpose.

A series of three free lectures on Dante's "Divina Commedia" is being given in Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, on the evenings of April 15, 22 and 29, by Mr. Carlo Leonardo Speranza, LL.B., A. M. The lectures are in English.

Professor George A. Smith of the Free Church College, Glasgow, Scotland, is lecturing on the Percy Turnbull Memorial foundation at the Johns Hopkins University. The lectures are open to the public. The subject of the course is "Hebrew Poetry," which is subdivided as follows:—"The Race," "The Language and Rhythms," "The Poetry of Nature," "The Mythology," "The Early National Poetry: The Making of Israel"; "David: Fact and Question"; "Our Mother of Sorrows: The Poetry of Complaint and Confession, of Satire and Vengeance, Evil and Death"; "The Poetry of Wisdom: The Book of Proverbs"; and "The Poetry of Wisdom: The Book of Job."

The requirements of the Johns Hopkins University have been of such a high character that of the 2976 persons who have been students of the University since its foundation but 748 have obtained degrees, 358 of them having taken that of doctor of philosophy. A recently published list of well-known men, not members of the Faculties, who have lectured at the Johns Hopkins University, includes Francis J. Child, James Russell Lowell, William D. Whitney, Sidney Lanier, James Bryce, Edward A. Freeman, George W. Cable, William W. Story, Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), Edmund Gosse, Eugene Schuyler, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard G. Moulton, James Schouler, Nicholas Murray Butler, Richard C. Jebb, Frederic Bancroft, William T. Harris, Robert G. Tyrrell, Charles Eliot Norton, Horace Howard Furness and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. President Eliot, Prof. Huxley, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Archdeacon Farrar and Hamilton W. Mabie are among those who have delivered addresses upon the commemoration occasions.

It is well known that the late Cardinal Manning, when Archbishop, frustrated John Henry Newman's attempt to found a Catholic school at Oxford. It is now announced that the Jesuits, whom Manning would not allow to teach in his diocese, will establish a scholastic hall at Oxford, of which the Rev. R. F. Clarke, M. A., formerly a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, will be the head.

A friend of Princeton University, whose name is withheld, has offered to bear the expense of a new library building, to cost between \$300,000 and \$500,000.

Mr. Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, suggests that the 100th anniversary of the birth of Horace Mann, on 4 May 1896, be publicly remembered in all the schools of the State by such appropriate exercises as may be arranged, and that the national flag be displayed on all school-houses in honor of his memory.

The death of Mrs. Ann W. Dickinson in Boston, on April 11, renders operative the public bequests, amounting to over \$380,000, made by the late Mrs. Josiah Vose. Among the institutions mentioned in the will are the Institute of Technology, \$25,000; the Farm School, \$15,000; the Institute for the Blind, \$10,000; and the Museum of the Fine Arts, \$25,000. The residue of the estate is to be divided equally between the Institute of Technology and the Museum of Fine Arts.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow of Boston lectured in Homer Hall, Hartford Theological Seminary, April 8, on "Moses and the Monuments," with Dr. Samuel Hart of Trinity College in the chair, and on the following evening before the Connecticut Historical Society on "The Pilgrims and their Settlement in the State."

Harvard graduates are making efforts to have the donation of scholarships so arranged that in future they shall be awarded for scholarships exclusively, and not for indigence as well. The University has a fund of about \$75,000 to be devoted annually to scholarships, and it is asked whether it is "wholly wise that sound scholarship should be marked with the brand 'Indigence' before it can receive academic prizes." Founders of new scholarships are urged to leave their gifts so that they shall be open to rich and poor alike.

The Faculty of Princeton College has elected Sir Henry Irving an honorary member of the American Whig Society.

Mayor A. C. Houghton of North Adams, Mass., has presented to that city the Blackinton mansion for a public library building, in memory of his brother, the late A. J. Houghton of Boston. The property is worth about \$125,000.

The next issue from the Columbia University Press will be the "Memoirs of the late Frederick Porter Barnard, D.D., LL.D., President of Columbia College," the material for which was collected by the late Mrs. Margaret McMurray Barnard, and arranged and edited in accordance with her wishes by the Rev. John Fulton of Philadelphia. The life of Dr. Barnard is really a history of college education in the United States from the beginning of the century to the present time. The Cambridge University Press has nearly ready "The Italic Dialects," by Prof. R. Seymour Conway of Cardiff.

Prof. Frederick A. Starr of the University of Chicago has returned from a three months' trip through the unexplored portions of Guatemala and Mexico. His principal aim was to find a pygmy tribe popularly supposed to live in these regions. Prof. O. C. Farrington of the Field Columbian Museum has also returned from Mexico, where he went to collect mineral specimens.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish a translation of the "Great Didactic" of J. A. Comenius, with biographical and historical introductions, which comprise a detailed account of school organization and school-books at the time when Comenius was writing.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a volume of "Mathematical Papers," read at the International Mathematical Congress held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and edited by the Committee of the Congress, E. Hastings Moore, Oscar Bolza, Heinrich Maschke and Henry S. White. Volume VI. of the "Periods of European History" is almost ready for publication. It is by the general editor of the series, Arthur Hassall, M. A., and deals with the years 1789 to 1815. They will publish, also, a "Logical Method of Teaching French," by Mlle. E. Duriaux and E. E. Brandon; and "Infinitesimal Analysis," by Prof. W. B. Smith of Tulane.

The fifth volume of the series in philology, literature and archaeology of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania will contain "Two Plays of Miguel Sanchez, surnamed the Divine," by Prof. Hugo A. Rennert. The series is published through Messrs. Ginn & Co.

Messrs. Lemcke & Buechner announce for immediate publication "Veteris Testamenti Concordantiæ Hebraicæ atque Chaldaicæ, summa cura collegit Salomon Mandelkern." They will also bring out ere long the English edition of Hugo Wenckler's "Tell-Amarna Letters"; and Part I. of "Der Babylonische Talmud, text mit Varianten nebst Uebersetzung und Erklärungen, herausgegeben von L. Goldschmidt."

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce "Electricity," by Prof. Charles A. Perkins; "A Problem Book in Elementary Chemistry," by E. Dana Pierce; and Eckstein's "Preisgekrönt," edited by Prof. Charles Bundy Wilson, in their German Texts. They will soon publish a one-volume edition of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe, 1792-1878," printed from new plates.

Gustav Koerner, the jurist, who died last week at Belleville, Ill., was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, 20 Nov. 1809. He studied law at Heidelberg and came to this country in 1833, studying jurisprudence at the Transylvania University in 1834-5. He was a member of the Legislature in 1842-3, Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1845-51, and Lieutenant-Governor of

the State in 1853-7. He served on the staff of Gen. Frémont in the early years of the War, and was Minister to Spain in 1862-5. Among his works are "Collections of the Important General Laws of Illinois, with Comments," "From Spain," and "Das Deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten, 1818-1848."

Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* for May will contain papers on "Taxation in Literature and History," by David A. Wells; "The Development of the Monetary Problem," by Logan G. McPherson, and "Pending Problems for Wage-Earners," by A. E. Outerbridge, Jr.

Notes

MRS. EVERARD COTES'S (Sara Jeannette Duncan's) new novel, "His Honour, and a Lady," will be published in this country by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The story attracted considerable attention in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, which published it serially. The same house has just published ex-President Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "Tom Grogan," by F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhart; "Spring Notes from Tennessee," by Bradford Torrey; "Four-handed Folk," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Froebel's Occupations," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, being Vol. II. of "The Republic of Childhood"; "The Life, Public Services, Addresses and Letters of Elias Boudinot, LL.D., President of the Continental Congress," edited by J. J. Boudinot, with portraits and a map; "Employers' Liability Acts," by Conrad Reno; "Pirate Gold," a new novel, by J. S. of Dale; and a new edition of "Tom Brown's School Days."

André Chevrillon's "In India," translated by William Marchant, to be issued shortly by the Messrs. Holt, describes, in a poetic and picturesque vein, what the author saw in a two months' trip.

Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are issuing "White Satin and Homespun," a short novel by Katrina Trask, whose poem, "Under King Constantine," is now in its fourth edition. With the exception of stories which have appeared in magazines, this is Mrs. Trask's first prose work. "It touches the true phases of life represented by white satin and homespun, but its *motif* is not the sociological question of the present day, as its title might imply, but the more universal one of the recreating power of love."

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will begin in May, in coöperation with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of London, the publication of a new, uniform edition of the novels of Capt. Marryat, to be completed in twenty-two volumes. Mr. R. B. Johnson, the editor of the Dent edition of Jane Austen, will contribute a full critical introduction to the set and a series of prefatory bibliographical notes. Each volume will contain three etchings.

"Clara Hopgood," Mark Rutherford's latest story, is said to be full of pictures of the spiritual and common life of the English middle class of half a century ago. The scenery is similar to that in "Catherine Furze," and the heroine is the daughter of a bank-manager.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just commenced the publication of their translation of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, the first volume being "The Case of Wagner." Among their recent publications are a hand-book of the rules and customs of "Golf," by J. Norman Lockyer and W. Rutherford, Honorary Secretary of the St. George's Golf Club; and "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," by Martin A. S. Hume, the editor of the Calendar of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth in the Public Record Office, who shows that what seemed merely perverse fickleness was in reality fixity of purpose and consummate statecraft, which made possible a strong, modern England.

Mrs. Marshall has written a new historical novel, which will be published at once by the Messrs. Macmillan. It is called "An Escape from the Tower."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a complete edition of the works of Robert Browning, in two volumes, containing historical and biographical notes of the author that are included in no other edition. They will publish, also, Miss Betham-Edwards's forthcoming story, "The Dream-Charlotte: a Story of Echoes"; and, in connection with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of London, a translation of the works of Alphonse Daudet, to be published monthly, beginning with "Tartarin of Tarascon."

—Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty," just published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., contains a closing chapter on "Woman Questions: Arguments against Female Suffrage."

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on April 20 the third and fourth volumes of the "Memoirs of Barras"; Max Pemberton's new story, "A Gentleman's Gentleman"; Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies" (new edition); a popular edition of Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth"; and a series of light studies or sketches of types of suburban residents, entitled "Out of Town." The authorship of the last-mentioned book is not disclosed; its numerous illustrations are by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

—Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. will publish at once Gabriel Setoun's "Robert Urquhart," which is said to be a favorite Scotch novel of the season in London. Mr. Setoun is the author of "Barnraig" and "Sunshine and Haar."

—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London, will publish in June "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps: Being an Account of Travel and Discovery," by Edward A. FitzGerald, F. R. G. S., with over sixty illustrations by Joseph Pennell, H. G. Willink, A. D. McCormick, and from photographs, with contributions by Prof. T. G. Bonney, Sir William Martin Conway, C. L. Barrow, and a map. The work will embrace an account of five ascents, in 1894-5, of the most important and previously unscaled peaks of the New Zealand Alps, together with the discovery of the pass across the Ranges; with appendices of the botany, geology, glacier action and zoology of the Alps.

—Messrs. Bangs & Co. will shortly sell a collection of old and rare books consigned to them by Mr. Bernard Quaritch of London.

—Only moderate prices were paid at the sale of autographs and manuscripts by American authors at the auction rooms of Bangs & Co. on April 11. The manuscripts and letters of Edgar Allan Poe sold at prices ranging from \$10 to \$60, the latter being obtained for his copy of Miss Winslow's parody of "The Raven." A three-page letter by Oliver Wendell Holmes, referring to Poe, sold for \$37, a page by Nathaniel Hawthorne for \$26, three quarto pages by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, 1841, brought \$37, and eighteen folio pages by F. M. Cooper, being "Life of Richard Dale," sold for \$23. A manuscript by H. D. Thoreau brought \$33, while writings by Bayard Taylor ranged from \$1.50 for an autograph to \$21 for a poem.

—The Outlook Co. has engaged Mr. Justin McCarthy to write a popular life of Mr. Gladstone, which will be published in *The Outlook's* magazine numbers during 1897. It will be profusely illustrated, and the personal and social sides of Mr. Gladstone's life will be brought out in strong relief. It is difficult to think of a better biographer for Mr. Gladstone than the gifted author of "A History of Our Own Times."

—In the first of the papers on South Africa which Prof. James Bryce, M.P., is to contribute to *The Century*, beginning in the May number, the prevalent impression that the country has little natural beauty is corrected.

—In an article on "Women Bachelors in London," in the May *Scribner's*, Mary Gay Humphreys will show that London is far ahead of New York in the facilities it offers to unattached women "for reasonable, comfortable, and polite living" in the manner of lodging and clubs. The article will be illustrated with views of these buildings. Readers of "The Little Minister" will catch a glimpse of Gavin Dishart and his son in the new instalment of Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" in this number.

—*McClure's Magazine* for May will contain a paper on the medical and surgical possibilities of Prof. Roentgen's discovery, by Dr. W. W. Keen. The first instalment of Anthony Hope's new story, "Phroso," published in the April number, justifies the belief that it is his strongest work thus far.

—A marble bust of Paul Verlaine is to be placed in his beloved Garden of the Luxembourg.

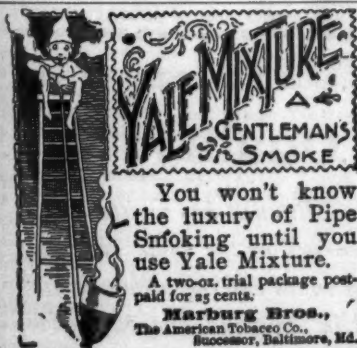
—Mrs. George Kennan will deliver a lecture on her "Personal Experiences in Russia" in the evening of April 21, at 170 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Gertrude Moore bed in St. Martha's Sanatorium. The lecture will be under the auspices of the King's Daughters.

—Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head is now in America, placing English books and looking about for American authors. He returns to England next week.

—Mr. Robert Finlay, who has been on the editorial staff of *The Review of Reviews* ever since its establishment in America by Dr. Albert Shaw, has resigned his position, to take charge of the McClure Syndicate business.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling have come down from their mountain home in Vermont and are spending a week or two in New York.

—The library of the late Duke of Leeds, says *The Athenaeum*, to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on April 15, contains at least one, and perhaps only one, book which may be described as a bibliophile's "plum." It is a copy of Wycherley's "Miscellany Poems, as Satyrs, Epistles, Love Verses," &c., 1704, on large paper, with a brilliant impression of the rare portrait by Smith after Lely, and with the following inscription on the fly-leaf:—"For my Lord High Treasurer of England, from His most obedient and most humble servant, W. Wycherley." The volume is in old red morocco extra, elaborately tooled on sides and back. There is also a fine copy of the Fourth Folio Shakespeare, 14 7-16in. by 9 in., in the original calf, but re-backed.



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—News reaches us, as we go to press, of the death, in Brooklyn, of Mr. William Matthews, who was probably the highest authority on bookbinding in this country. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, 29 March 1822, and came to New York in 1843. In 1854 Mr. Daniel Appleton, the founder of the house of D. Appleton & Co., put him in charge of his bindery, Mr. Matthews's connection with the firm lasting until 1890. We shall give a more detailed sketch of the life of this master of the craft in our next issue, and will content ourselves here with recalling the fact that his exhibit at the exposition of 1854 in this city received the highest award, a silver medal.

—Judge Robert H. Russell, the senior member of the firm of R. H. Russell & Son (the DeWitt Publishing House), who died in Stratford, Conn., on April 3, was born 18 Aug. 1832. He was for many years Judge of Probate in the town of Stratford, and entered the publishing business on the death of J. B. DeWitt, as executor of the latter's estate. In 1888 his son, Mr. Robert H. Russell, became a partner in the firm.

—Mr. William May, the librarian of Birkenhead, England, has just made a remarkable find. In rummaging over a discarded lot of books from a solicitor's shelves, he found an old black-letter volume, which at first he took for a pure Caxton. So rare was the volume that it took him several days to identify it as a copy of Bonaventure's "Speculum Vite Christi," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1494, the year in which he returned to the use of Caxton's type. The exceptional rarity of the book consists in the fact that it is the only book in which Caxton's "No. 7" type was ever used, it being used for the side notes. Only one other copy of the "Speculum" is known to collectors—that in the possession of the Earl of Leicester. Four leaves from the work are preserved in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth.

—Mr. H. C. Bunner reached his home at Nutley, N. J., on April 8. Contrary to expectation, the long trip from California does not seem to have fatigued him, and it is stated that he is considerably better than when he left San Francisco.

Free Parliament

QUESTIONS

1810.—Can you tell me the source of the following quotation: "Open confession is good for the soul?" Which is correct, "Open" or "Honest" confession?

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

E. V. H.

1811.—Will you inform me who wrote "He laughs best who laughs last"?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. H. McK.

The National Review

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1896

EPISODES OF THE MONTH	
EGYPT AND ENGLAND	By Lord Farrer
SLATIN PASHA AND THE SOUDAN	By Captain F. D. Lugard, C.B.
NATIONAL GRANARIES	
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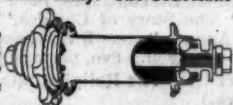
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